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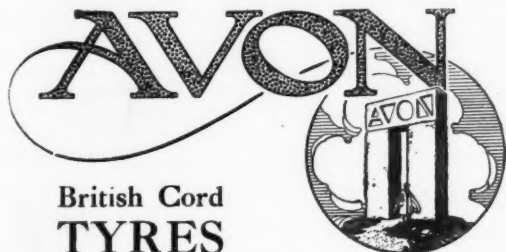
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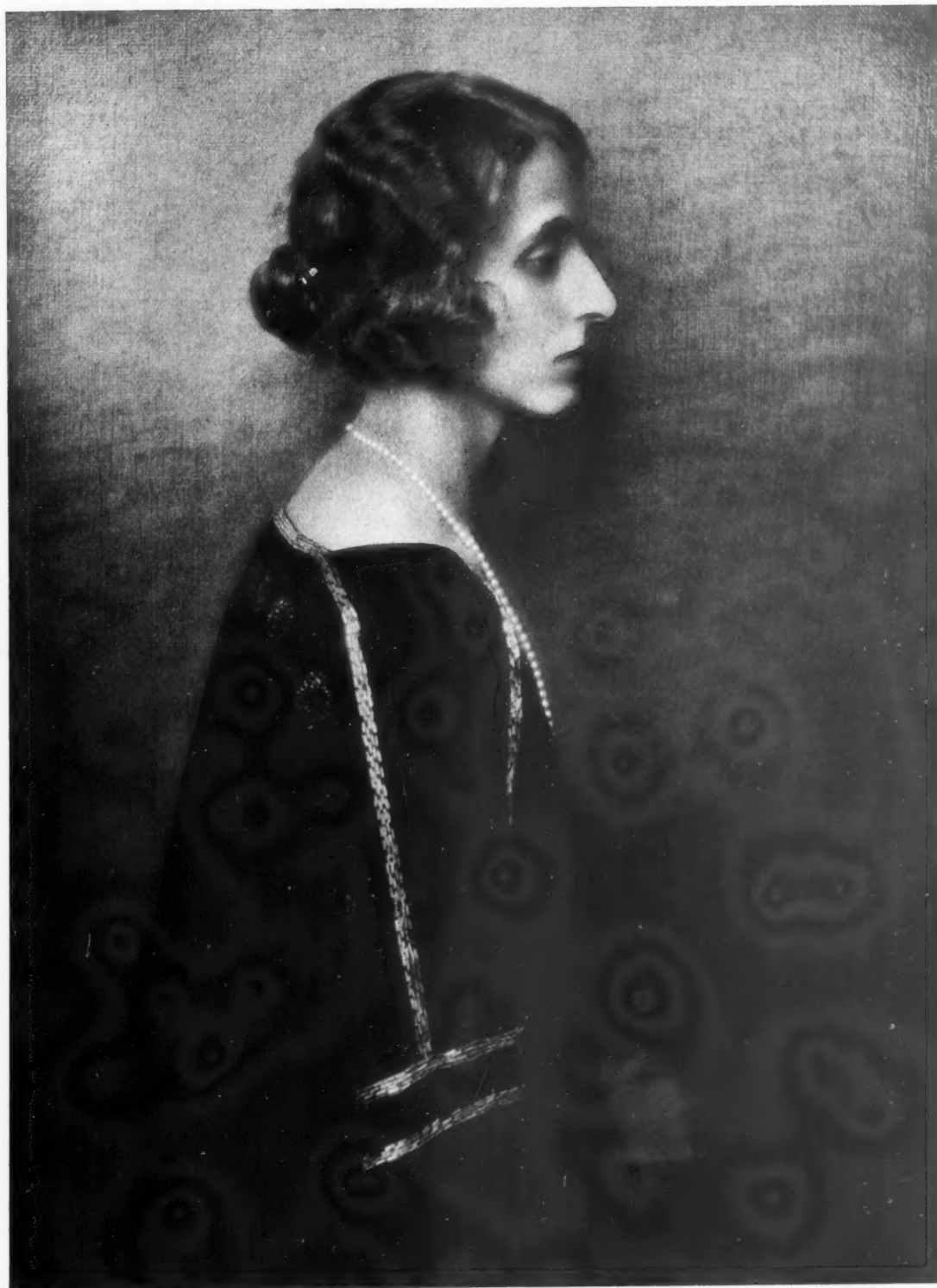
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HUGH CECIL.

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THE WISDOM OF THE BODY

AT any time such an address as that delivered by Professor E. H. Starling at the Royal College of Physicians would merit and would command attention, and it comes with a special propriety at the moment when medical students are resuming work. Harvey figured largely, as was natural, in a Harveian Oration, though the theme was not the old one of his discovery of the circulation of the blood, but his teaching of that experimental method which is leading to a far more exact control of the physical part of man than ever was dreamt of by our forefathers. Professor Starling emphasises the duty of those engaged in research not only to look for the causes and cure of disease, but the secrets of nature. Every kind of knowledge is helpful to the science of medicine. The implication is as far reaching as the dogma. It is for the physician to find out the relation between cause and effect, but there is still a great deal of truth in the old adage that a man is either a fool or a physician at forty. The practical truth at the bottom of that seems to be that the research of men such as Professor Starling ought to be closely followed, in regard to its general results, by the individual who is without technical knowledge as well as by specialists. In other words, it is open to anyone to be a physician before he reaches middle age if he pays attention to the important points in the progress of medical science. The heart is the centre that best repays investigation. Knowledge of it has been carried far beyond that possessed by Harvey. For example, great as he was among the men of his time, he had not the means available for determining such facts as the output of blood by the heart under different conditions. Professor Starling emphasised the fact that experiments have shown how

adaptable the heart is, how it can, and does, respond to the requirements of the body as a whole. It can pump through the blood vessels amounts varying from four to thirty litres a minute according to whether the man is at rest or taking violent exercise. It is an organism which maintains an activity varied with the need for more or less blood. Heart disease used to be a mysterious expression used to explain sudden death when no other cause could be put forward. Harvey left unsolved the cause of the heart's rhythmic power and the origin of the beat, questions that have been solved during the last few years by studying the developments of animals.

Professor Starling showed that it is possible for distant organs of the body to communicate with one another because of the fact that all parts of the body are bathed in a common circulating medium. The messengers which carry this knowledge from one part of the human frame to another have been given the name of hormones. In some cases their composition has been determined, and synthetic hormones actually built up outside the body. His conclusion was that "a discovery of all the hormones of the body would enable us to interpose at any desired phase in the functions of the body, and so acquire an absolute control over them." He alluded to the attempts made at rejuvenation in man by increasing the production of some testicular hormone, but he threw cold water on the popular belief that in this way life could be prolonged indefinitely. The only way to do that is by eugenics, that is, by breeding from long-lived individuals. He alluded, with great good sense, to the lesson taught us in childhood that suffering and disease come into the world through sin: but this little word of three letters has a very wide meaning. Physicians are compelled to study the body from a standpoint independent of morality. The greatest sin in their eyes is not necessarily an offence against what has been called morality. It is anything that is done in ignorance or disregard of the immutable workings of the forces of nature. We take it that the business of the doctor is to ascertain by experiment what these workings are, and the business of the layman to order his life in obedience to them. Such is "the wisdom of the body and the understanding of the heart" that lead to the mastery of disease and pain.

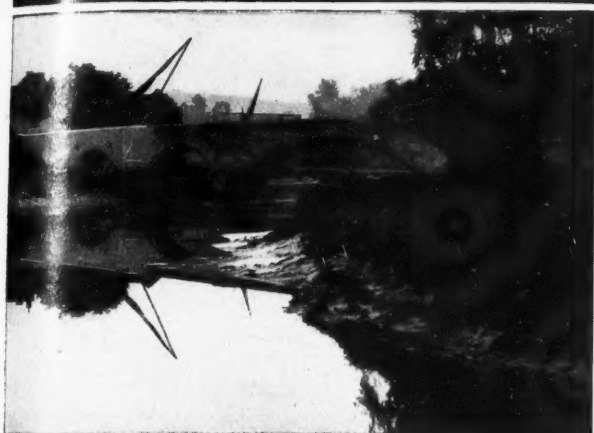
Dr. Veitch Clark, Medical Officer of Health for Manchester, about the same time was travelling in a parallel direction. His address was largely concerned with preventive medicine, which might be described as an adjustment of our habits to the working of those natural laws to which Professor Starling referred. He showed that the efficiency of public health work in a period, roughly speaking, between 1850 and 1922, was proved by a fall in the death rate by 50 per cent., but he did not accept the death rate as a true index of the efficiency of medicine; he found that in the increase of health and personal efficiency. These can be indicated by figures giving the expectation of life. About 1850 every boy at birth had an expectation of life of 39.9 years and every girl an expectation of 41.8 years. This expectation had risen in 1922 to about 54.6 years in the case of boys and 58.6 years in the case of girls. It was about 1850 that preventive medicine began to be taken in hand. As a result, the death rate at once began to fall. In fifteen years infant mortality had dropped from 146 per thousand to 77. Everyone will agree with his comment that "there were few things in public health administration so dramatic as that." Such are a few of the very encouraging figures that he used to illustrate his contention. They ought to give renewed energy to all who are exerting themselves to make life healthier and longer.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece to this issue is a portrait of Lady Louise Mountbatten, whose marriage to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden is to take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on November 3rd. Lady Louise Mountbatten, is the younger daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY



NOTES

THAT Trafalgar Day commemorates a hero even more than a great event is a truth curiously emphasised by a remarkable letter of which the original belongs to Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, who quoted it in his Trafalgar Day message.

It is from a seaman who was serving in the Royal Sovereign. The writer describes himself as alive and hearty, though three of his fingers have been cut off: "but that's not much," he naively adds, "it might have been my head." He describes the seamen after the death of Nelson as being "such soft toads, they have done nothing but blast their eyes, and cry, ever since he was killed. God bless you, chaps that fought like the devil sit down and cry like a wench." Then he goes on to speak of Admiral Collingwood "as bold as a lion, for all he can cry. I saw his tears with my own eyes, when the boat hailed and said my lord was dead." The seaman, with his rough and ready and outwardly unsympathetic language, has touched a cord of pathos that a finer writer would have found it difficult to attain. The letter is a treasure well worth preservation, and though we are sure Admiral Hall would not part with it, were he to do so it would be a notable addition to the splendid collection of Nelson relics which Mr. John F. Walter has gathered together and placed in his residence at Drayton Hall, near Norwich.

MR. J. A. SPENDER'S literary craftsmanship has not been found wanting in his *Life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman*, published by Hodder and Stoughton. His subject was one of those politicians who do not rouse deep animosity in their opponents nor excite the highest enthusiasm of their supporters. That he attained to the Premiership proves his worth, but not that he had genius. Indeed, his position may very fairly be likened to that of Papyrus, a Derby winner, it is true, but only an average Derby winner. Sir Henry incurred most resentment for being pro-Boer during the South African War, and most admiration for the Post-War Settlements. He was of commercial extraction. His people were industrious, well-doing Scots, carrying on business in Glasgow, and his father, James Campbell, probably the most prosperous of them, in 1822 married Janet Bannerman, the daughter of a successful manufacturer in Glasgow. Of this union, Henry was the second son. He was born in Kelvinside on September 7th, 1836. He grew up to be a man of such balanced judgment that he was mentioned for the Speakership of the House of Commons, and would probably have occupied that post with distinction. As a politician he was more remarkable for his logic than his eloquence, and for a collected, cautious mind and a turn of Scottish humour. The book is sure to be widely read because it vividly recalls the sharp controversies that marked the first decade of the twentieth century when such far-reaching themes as Tariff Reform and the Reform of the House of

Lords divided opinion. A prolonged duel for the mastery was fought between Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Balfour.

THE Government is to be congratulated on the appointment of Sir John Russell, who, early in November, is to leave England on a special mission to the Sudan. It is formally stated that he will be associated with Dr. Martin Leake, Director of Agriculture in the United Provinces of India, and the object is that they should advise the Sudan Government on its agricultural research policy. The importance of this research is chiefly due to what are considered to be the enormous possibilities of growing cotton in the Sudan, and we gather this is the principal object that Sir John Russell and Dr. Martin Leake will keep in view. The first part of a great scheme of irrigation in the Gezira plain south of Khartoum is expected to come into operation in the autumn of 1925. That would bring 300,000 acres under irrigation, and it is proposed to devote one-third of that area to cotton, but the total scheme is capable of developing over 3,000,000 acres. The calculation is that about a million bales of cotton may be produced annually in the Sudan. The Empire Growing Corporation will probably co-operate with the mission in the research work, and in that case the whole can be co-ordinated with the research work on cotton problems to be organised throughout the British Empire.

CAST CARE TO THE WINDS.

I think you may
Cast care to the winds to-day,
If I show you the way . . .
It's my belief
You should wrap up care in a handkerchief,
That big blue
One of yours will do. . . .
Then come—and I'll come too—
Right to the top of White Horse Hill,
Where the winds have their will,
And cast care
To them there . . . !

Not till the owls cry,
And the shy
Little white moon steps up the sky,
And the colours are all gone,
And the Downs are like a grey stone,
And our hands are cold
We'll come back to the fold . . .
A mile—
Or two . . . or three . . . from Kingstone Lisle !
GRACE JAMES.

OUR readers will very much regret to hear of the death of our old contributor, T. F. Dale. There was no one in England more deeply steeped in the lore of hounds and hunting, of ploughland and pasture than he. On all matters relating to horse and hound he was a first authority, and his later days, when he was not able to contribute so largely to the publications of the day as he was in his youthful prime, were devoted to forwarding the prosperity of the breeds in which he was specially interested, such as the mountain and moorland ponies, in the improvement of which he took an undying interest. He was an authority on the game of polo, and he edited the book on that game in the Badminton Series. Later on he wrote the classic, "Polo, Past and Present" for the COUNTRY LIFE Library. He wrote that excellent piece of natural history, "The Fox," in the famous Fur, Fin and Feather Series. On Arab and Colonial horses he was also an authority, but these topics did not at all exhaust his interests. Mr. Dale was an extremely well read man and a fine student and judge of imaginative literature, as well as of a horse. That was what constituted his charm, because at one moment you might hear him discussing the points of a horse in his own quiet and effective manner, and in the next, holding forth about the philosophy of one of Miss May Sinclair's novels, or those of some of the other authors who were dear to him. He was a many-sided man of whom we shall not soon see the like again.

THE public is looking on with indifference at the dispute that is going on about the panel system of medical attendance. It is not regarded as having given satisfaction. Before it came into existence a certain class of doctor in poor districts in London made a livelihood by what we might call an extemporised panel system. The patients met at the doctor's consulting room, and their treatment was summary in the extreme. An examination of the tongue, or some other organ that generally bears symptoms of illness, was often the only process that the doctor undertook. It was followed, generally, by some sensible advice. That was the medical man speaking from his conscience, and he might add a draught or pill, which, if he were a conscientious man, he took care should be of a harmless description, as a sop to Cerberus. Ignorant patients are not easily satisfied by mere advice. They want directions either to do something or to take something, and it may be that their belief helps to cure, providing the drugs are harmless. It was a rough and ready mode of treatment, but it bears a resemblance to the panel system. The panel doctor usually has private as well as panel patients, and it is only natural that he should give more attention to the former. The panel patient dislikes the limitation of his choice of a doctor. It may be that the panel doctor is more skilful than his favourite, but it would be difficult to convince him of it. He thinks a very great deal of the right of choosing, and most people will sympathise more or less with that judgment. Again, the system has been a means of endowing men who otherwise would not have flourished in their profession. At any rate, it is not an incentive to that keenness which is the very life of the physician's progress.

IN view of the agricultural pessimism that is very much abroad at the present moment, it may be permissible to give the substance of a conversation with Sir John Russell on the subject. Sir John finds that the type of man going in for agriculture at Oxford, Cambridge, Reading and other collegiate centres is the very cream of the countryside. In many cases he is the son of a man well known as an estate owner. The older type of country gentleman is—or, rather, used to be—very solicitous about his pheasants and his partridges, his hunting and shooting; but the newcomer, without disdaining in any way these sports so natural to a landowner, is keen on husbandry for its own sake. The questions he asks are those of an intelligent thinker, but the most interesting feature about him is the faith he places in the ancient industry. At present the main business may only be that of scrambling through a difficult time, but this is done all the better by those who are buoyed up by a firm belief that the tide will turn. A fact that goes far to confirm this view of the new generation is that land put up for sale recently has been commanding comparatively good prices; at any rate, prices that were not obtained twelve months ago. No land is vacant or idle, and it is plain that the problems of the future are going to be attacked with courage and self-reliance.

THE Canadian Government have recently issued a "Destruction of Insect and Pest Act," which deals very drastically with the importation of any plants or other matter likely to introduce insect pests or disease. The Governor in Council may make stringent regulations as to the treatment to be given to any outbreak of plant disease with a view to checking its spread. In cases of the destruction of crops, trees and other plants, a grant for compensation not exceeding two-thirds of the value of the matter destroyed may be granted on the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture. The occupier of any premises on which insect pests are detected has forthwith to notify the Minister of their presence; and considerable powers are given to the Inspectors of the Ministry of Agriculture to enter places or premises where they have reason to suspect the presence of danger, to take specimens, and, further, to prohibit the removal of any vegetation which, in their opinion, might serve to spread the disease.

THE only fault that we have to find with the High Court decision that port, as the name of a wine, can only be properly applied to the produce of Portugal, is that it deals with a single misuse of a word only, while there are

many others. Port, however, stands in a position by itself. It is a wine of many associations. In particular, it was, and remains, a wine of the country house. There was nothing that the old-fashioned host prided himself on more than having a supply of well crusted port for the drinking of his guests. The serving of the wine was carried out with a ritual of its own. Even the grey-haired butler was not always entrusted with the delicate task of decanting it. This an old-fashioned host would do himself. Port, too, is a very jealous wine; it brooks no rival near its throne—not even tobacco. A man may drink a considerable number of wines, ranging from sherry to champagne, without destroying the flavour by smoking a cigarette or a light cigar at the same time. Not so with port; before yielding up its perfect aroma it demands a clean palate and no interference. On these conditions alone does it surrender its heart. The old custom that never allowed the circling decanter to remain still testifies to its character.

ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

The moon has risen late
And shines upon the lane,
And on the old farm-gate:
The narrow lane where lovers meet
Awakens now to passing feet:
Say who should come this way at night?
Oh, someone here was wont to wait
And now returns again:
Someone clad in raiment white
With face ineffably bright
Goes hurrying down the lane to-night
And past the old farm gate.

The moon has risen late
And while the dark earth sleeps
Is now upon the wane;
And in the lane where rabbits play
Someone went but could not stay:
Down the narrow winding lane
Someone went who used to wait.
Alas! another wakes and weeps
And calls him back to her—in vain!
She knows not that he came again
This very night along the lane
And past the old farm gate.

PHYLIS HOWELL.

IT is impossible to read the announcements of the COUNTRY LIFE dining-room and bedroom designing competition for the Palace of Arts at the British Empire Exhibition without resolving, without delay, to make out a set of designs oneself. We feel we could, most of us, design a room by itself. It is the drain and flue questions which prevent so many of us from becoming architects. And there is a certain fascination in suddenly going into a room inconsequentially, without being in a house. The conditions are alluring, culminating in the obligation of the winner to superintend the carrying out, if necessary, of his furniture designs—a rare satisfaction of the creative impulse. The results should be of real interest and suggestiveness; for it is fairly certain that most of the competitors will be familiar with COUNTRY LIFE and the kind of room and decoration illustrated in these pages, rooms which, though they are neither incredibly modern or sumptuous, are yet what English rooms should be, namely, grown out of the past, though not mere decadent copies of it, bearing that unmistakable mark which one can call "contemporaneity," and withall still individual. That is where competitors will meet with their final difficulty, for their room will not be lived in, so that the individuality lies entirely with them to convey. As to furnishing, one hopes that competitors will design their own pieces with regard to beauty of line, adaptability, material, and yet not be too proud to remember their more experienced predecessors.

"CUPID Disarmed by Euphrosine" is our coloured plate for this week, by Thomas Burke after Angelica Kauffmann. It is a companion piece to the Aglaia given last week. Angelica presented by an English engraver is, perhaps, the ideal combination of eighteenth century Italian daintiness with English sentiment.

THE SILVER PLATE OF JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

By II. AVRAY TIPPING



1.—GROUP OF SILVER PLATE formerly belonging to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. (The pieces described under Figs. 3, 6, 9 and 10, except the "wine cooler," called in the Duke's plate list "the small cistern," which was made by Pierre Harrache, 1701-2, and is 2ft. 3ins. across.)

IN a codicil to the last will of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, made in August, 1744, we read as follows:

I give to my said grandson John Spencer all my gold and silver plate whatsoever which I shall not otherwise dispose of and desire he would not part therewith but keep the arms as they are upon it.

Thus it was that much of the most sumptuous plate that had belonged to the Great Duke left Blenheim and went to Althorp,

where, with "the arms as they are upon it," it has ever remained until to-day, when, for a while, some of it has been lent by Earl Spencer to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it may be generally seen and widely appreciated.

Big pieces, for sideboard display, date from after the time when John Churchill had received the Marlborough title and his wife had become the most trusted adviser of the Princess Anne. But it is curious how much plate he possessed and took campaigning



2.—EWER, one of a pair; the lower part of the bowl enriched with cut card work; handle harp-shaped; lip plain and not applied; arms of John Churchill as Earl of Marlborough. Maker, Claude Ballin (?). Paris date mark, 1674-75. Height, 8½ins.



3.—EWER, one of a pair; shaped like an inverted helmet; the lower part of the bowl and the lip enriched with cut card work; the handle terminating with a female bust. *En suite* with Fig. 8. Maker, Pierre Harrache. London date mark, 1701-2. Height, 12½ins.



4.—EWER, gilt; plain scroll handle; lip formed by slight bending forward of the top of the bowl, the base of which is enriched with cut card ornament. Maker's mark, an F crowned. London date mark, 1668-69. Height, 8½ins.

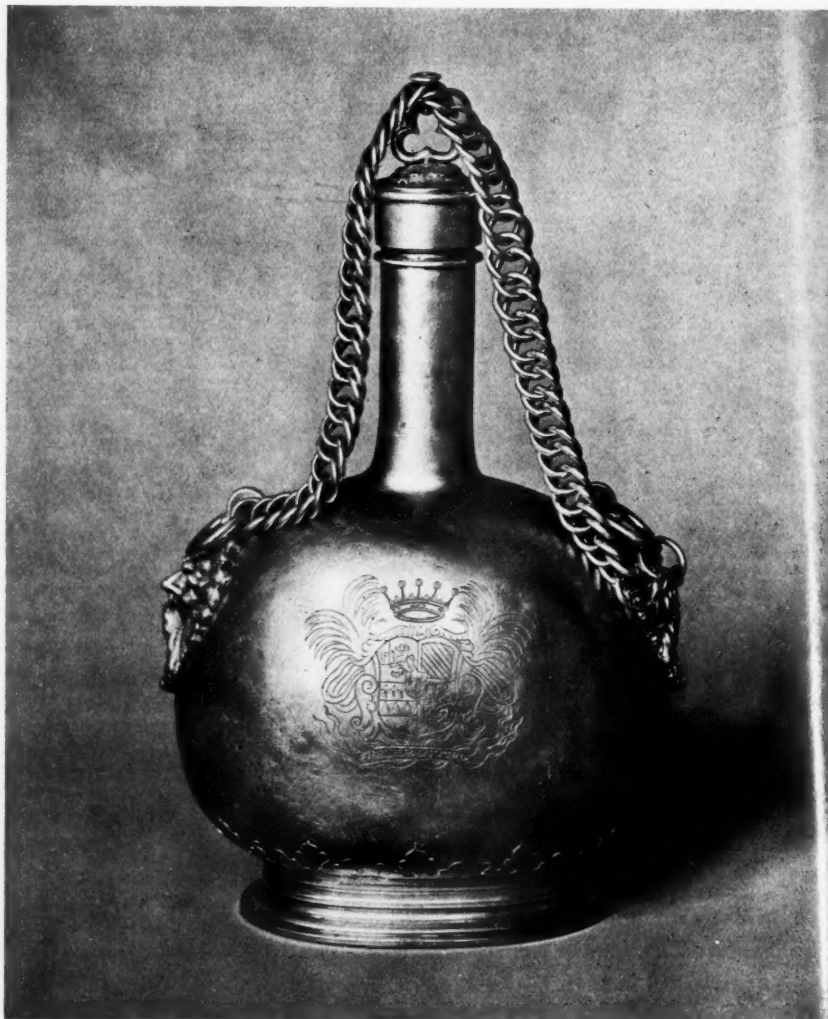
in France when he was still a young unmarried officer. In 1672, when he was only twenty-two years old, he went with the force under the Duke of Monmouth which Charles II sent to Flanders to co-operate with the armies of his ally Louis XIV of France. There Churchill distinguished himself, and it was Louis XIV who, in 1674, presented him with his commission of colonel of an English regiment. That also is the year when a Paris maker, probably Claude Ballin, the French King's silversmith, produced two ewers, which are, no doubt, those enumerated in the list of plate which Colonel Churchill brought back to England with him in 1675, and which an order from Lord Treasurer Danby permitted to enter without paying duty. It takes the form of a warrant—

for the delivery, Customs free, of two trunks of silver plate now in the Custom House and belonging to Col John Churchill, being part of his equipage lately brought out of France.

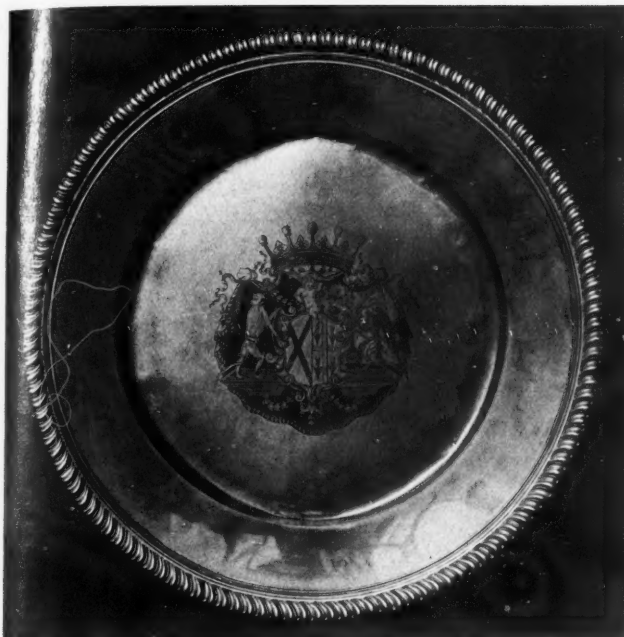
The list of the contents of the chests includes all the dishes and plates needed for a dinner service, also cups and flagons, tea, chocolate, sugar and mustard pots, spoons and forks, stands and candlesticks, and the two ewers which Louis may well have ordered from his silversmith for presentation to the clever and politic English officer who was then fighting on his side, but who, thirty years later, was to inflict upon his arms an overwhelming defeat. The ewers (Fig. 2) have the level top which preceded the helmet type. The handle has the harp shape which an arrangement of two scrolls gives. The lip is not, as was usual, an outstanding and enriched feature, but a mere outward bend of the perfectly plain upper part of the bowl, which is divided from the lower part by a very simple moulding, while reserved cut-card foliation divides the bowl from the base. What is remarkable is the close resemblance of these 1674 French ewers with one (Fig. 4) six years earlier and of English origin. It is a quarter of an inch lower than the French examples, and the handle, although also composed of two scrolls, treats these severely without any roll-over at the ends. Apart from these small divergences, the designs are the same. There is no mistaking the Gothic I., which is the London date letter for the year 1668-69, or one would have set down the English ewer as coming after and founded on the output of the Paris maker. The late Sir C. J. Jackson, in his "Illustrated History of English-plate," illustrated a two-handled cup with the same trefoil cut-card ornament, but the date in 1675. Even that is early for this form of enrichment in England, where it did not prevail until the softness of the high standard silver, which was first enforced in 1697, made embossed work too little enduring. Still, the 1668 Marlborough cup is by no means the earliest example, for the Ironmongers Company possesses a box, four years earlier in date, having similar foliated plates on the lid and forming the upper part of the legs. Ewers of this form, but with more elaborate scrolled handles and projecting spouts, continued to be made until the end of the century, and a pair made for the Duke of Newcastle in 1700 was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE two years ago. But by that date the helmet form, sumptuously treated and with the scrolled handle rising up into a female bust, was produced by French silversmiths domiciled in London. Such was Pierre Harrache, who, in 1697, made, in the newly introduced "Britannia" standard, a ewer for the Duke of Devonshire almost identical in form, size and decoration with what he produced four years later for the



5.—SET OF THREE CASTERS of cylindrical shape, with gadrooned or moulded bands; tops pierced and engraved with flower and foliage and terminating with base shaped. Maker, George Garthorne. London date mark, 1700-1. Height, large, 9½ins; small, 7½ins.



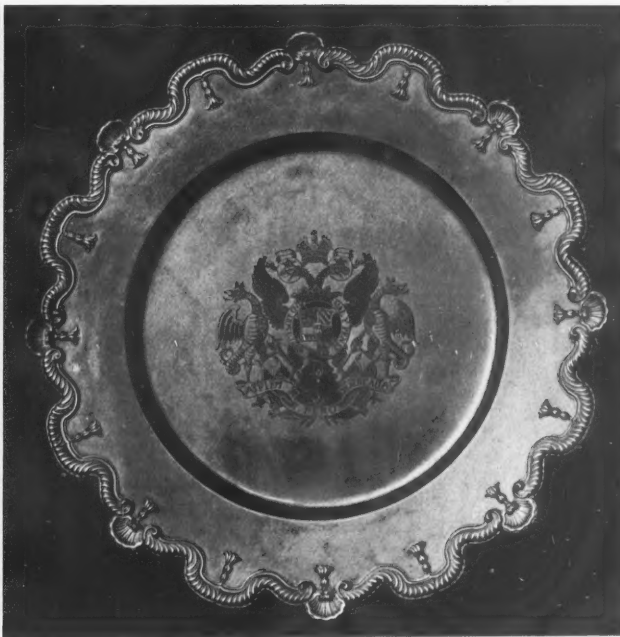
6.—PILGRIM BOTTLE, one of a pair; cut card ornament at base of body; bearded masks at side; top connected by chains; arms of John Churchill as Earl of Marlborough. Paris date mark, 1682-83. Height, 14½ins.



7.—ROSE-WATER DISH; gadrooned edge; centre elaborately engraved with the arms of John, eighteenth Earl of Kildare, impaling those of his first wife, coheir of the first Earl of Ranelagh. Maker, W. H. London date mark, 1677-78. Width, 2ft. 2ins.

Duke of Marlborough (Fig. 3), and six years later for John Methuen, who had just concluded the famous Treaty with Portugal. The Duke of Devonshire's ewer is described by Sir C. J. Jackson as—

Shaped like an inverted helmet on a foot of ogee section with a gadrooned base and projecting collar. An applied band, similarly gadrooned, encircles the ewer near the top. The handle is a bifurcated scroll, one branch terminating with a volute at the top of the back edge of the

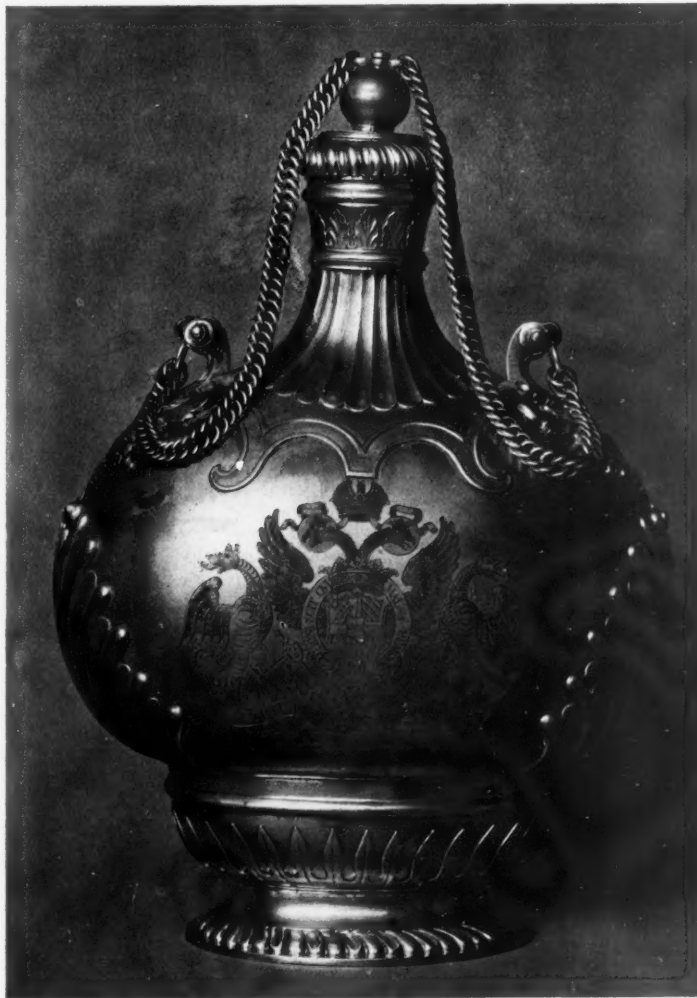


8.—ROSE-WATER DISH, one of a pair; the wavy edge enriched; in the centre the arms of the Duke of Marlborough as a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Maker, Pierre Harrache. London date mark, 1701-2. Width, 2ft. 2ins.

ewer, and the other in a pendent moulding below; it is continued above with a reverted terminal female figure having volutes in place of arms.

Except for the gadrooning, there is no embossing, but the ornament of both bowl and spout is applied so that—

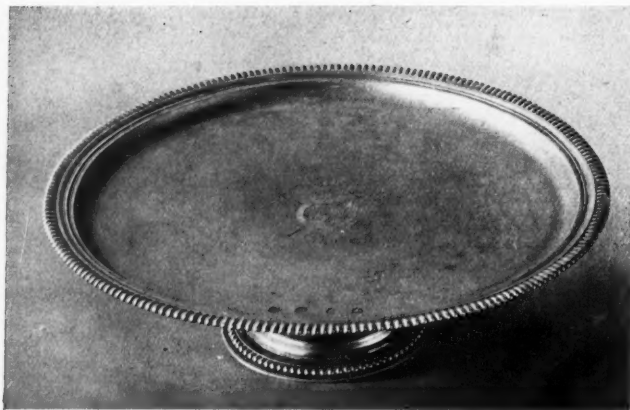
it would almost seem that Harrache, aware of the softer nature of the new standard silver, modified his design to avoid delicate surface decoration, which he knew would soon show the effects of wear.



9.—PILGRIM BOTTLE, one of a pair, enriched with gadrooning, cut card work and convex and concave radiating lobes. Maker's mark, G. O., probably John Good. London date mark, 1701-2. Height, 23½ins.



10.—FOUNTAIN, FOR WINE OR WATER, enriched with gadrooning and bands of cut card work with convex lobes. The handles depending from lion masks *en suite* with cistern in Fig. 1, although dated the previous year. Maker, Pierre Harrache. London date mark, 1700-1. Height, 2ft.



11.—SILVER, gilt, on foot; gadrooned edge. Maker, Francis Garthorne. London date mark, 1694-95. Width, 11½ ins.



12.—The same, reversed, showing cut card ornament.

This description applies equally well to the Harrache ewers of 1701 and 1703, as we can see by the present illustration and by that which appeared in these pages in February, 1920, when the Methuen silver came under Messrs. Christie's hammer. These Marlborough and Methuen rose-water ewers were accompanied by great dishes, 26 ins. across, with enriched edges, the centre forming an ample field for engraved heraldry. For Marlborough, Harrache made pairs of ewers and of dishes (Fig. 8), and how fine an effect was produced by these and similar pieces we can judge by the group now illustrated (Fig. 1), which, on a sideboard, would include the dishes reared up behind the ewers. In the centre of the upper shelf stands a specimen of what Jackson terms a wine fountain, and as to which he tells us:

Wine fountains are large upright vessels which, when filled, require two men to carry them; they are usually furnished with two handles, a cover, an ice chamber and a spout with a tap for drawing off the wine.

But Duchess Sarah indicates that fountains, and the cisterns that generally accompany them—and which Jackson describes as "for cooling wine in warm weather"—were not used exclusively for this purpose. In a will she made soon after the duke's death in 1722 she bequeathes to her grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer—

The little Cistern for the Sideboard and the Fountain to hold the Water that goes into it.

The Althorp tradition is that the little cistern (seen in Fig. 1) was for washing knives and forks, and the great one, nearly 4 ft. across, weighing over 1,900 oz., and on exhibition at the museum, served the purpose of washing plates.

Harrache's fountain (Fig. 10) dates from 1700, and is 2 ft. high, which is half an inch less than one made for the Duke of Newcastle by J. Ward two years later and now belonging to Colonel Mulliner. That, however, which in form most closely resembles this Harrache fountain, is one made by Peter Archambo for the Earl of Warrington in 1728, and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE in April, 1921. The cistern, which is shown in position to receive "the Water that goes into it" from the fountain, matches it in such details as the applied convex flutes or lobes, the gadrooning and the lion masks holding the handles. It is of the same size and much the same design as one made by Phillip Rolles in 1701 for the Earl of Warrington, and another, ten years later, by Gabriel Sleath for the Duke of Portland. It may, therefore, be taken as the type adopted by the great men under William III and Anne for sideboard display, the sideboard of the day being a great marble-topped table, sometimes, but not always, big enough to accommodate



13.—COCONUT CUP, mounted in silver, probably Spanish-American. Height, 4½ ins. The Duke of Marlborough is said to have always campaigned with it as a chocolate cup.

beneath it the other greater form of cistern. That, already mentioned as now exhibited at the museum, was made by Phillip Rolles in the same year as he made the small one for Lord Warrington. It depends for its effect on its size and form, having little detail beyond mouldings and the enormous arms and supporters of the duke engraved inside it. Although these pieces were, no

doubt, acquired by Marlborough at the time they were made, the heraldry they display is somewhat later. He became a duke in 1702, but the imperial eagle on which the arms lie (as is best seen in Fig. 8) and the princely coronet above denote that the owner had been made a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire by the grateful Emperor Leopold after Blenheim had been won in 1704. It is merely the Churchill arms under an earl's coronet that are engraved on the French ewers, and likewise on a pair of pilgrim bottles (Fig. 6) bearing the Paris mark for 1682. They are a small plain pair and very like those (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. L, page 21) made in 1699 by John Boddington for the Duke of Newcastle, except that these are a couple of inches higher. Small flagons, 4 ins. or 5 ins. high, of pilgrim bottle form, were made in England under Elizabeth and James I, and to the same period belong the 19 in. high bottles with chains, but with round and not flattened bodies, which Mr. Alfred Jones illustrated in his "Old English Plate of the Emperor of Russia." French examples with flattened bodies, probably of quite early seventeenth century date, are possessed by All Souls' College, Oxford. But the type represented by the Marlborough French bottles does not seem to have been produced in England until the reign of William III. A pair at Welbeck is dated 1692 and is 18 ins. high, with tapering flutes at the bases and beautifully wrought stoppers. They are, however, much less grand than the 2 ft. high pair, made by John Goode in 1701, that have the arms of Marlborough as a Prince of the Empire engraved on them (Fig. 9). But these are exceeded in size and magnificence by those at Chatsworth made by Anthony Nemes in 1715 for the Earl of Burlington.

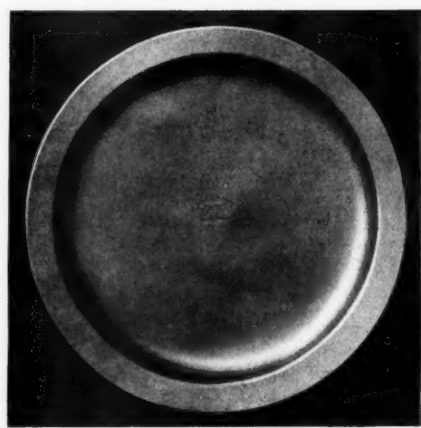
William III neither liked nor trusted John Churchill. But he was indispensable, and had to be employed and placated. Was the latter in part effected by gifts of plate? In a manuscript list preserved at Althorp and docketed—

Plate delivered by Robert the Butler at his going away the 30th April 1712,

we find that much of the dinner service of dishes and plates, tureens and salts, as well as candlesticks, is described as "the Kings." There is also this entry:

Side board.	2 large Side board Dishes	} Kings' plate
	2 bottles 2 Ewers	
	2 Ice pails. fountain	
	1 large Cesterne	
	1 lesser Cesterne	

These, surely, are the pieces we have been describing, all of which have the arms of Marlborough as a Prince of the Empire but bear London date marks of the year before, or the year of, King William's death. But, of course, "King's plate" may merely imply a royal gift, and Queen Anne may have been the donor when, after Churchill's first successful campaign as commander-in-chief in the Low Countries in 1702, he was given the dukedom. In that case, it is probable that she ordered Harrache to supply



14.—SMALL PLATE, one of ten acquired by the Duchess of Marlborough "for drink at table." Maker, David Willaume. London date mark, 1728-29. Width, 6½ ins.

to John Methuen pieces, including the ewer and dish already alluded to, as a Royal gift on his successful negotiation of the "Methuen" treaty. In another list, preserved at Althorp, and headed "A note of the plate Lockt up," we find entered "4 guilt Salvers" and "5 guilt Casters." The reference is, no doubt, to pieces now on view at the museum. The salvers are of the kind then in vogue, "furnished with a foot which can be grasped by one hand of the server." Although all very similar, they are of different dates and by different makers. The one illustrated (Fig. 11) is by Francis Garthorne and dated 1694. The point where the foot meets the plate (Fig. 12) is strengthened by cut-card ornament of bending foliation. Another having this identical cut-card pattern has the mark of Ralph Leake and no date. But the other pair, which has erect foliation, is by George Garthorne and dated 1699. In the following year the same maker certainly produced the set of three casters illustrated (Fig. 5) and two other small ones. Did he supply the full double set, and was one of the large ones lost before 1714, when the surviving large one was copied by John Bache? who, however, made his a trifle higher and failed to reproduce quite the elegance and finish of Garthorne's piercing. Casters in sets of three appear before the end of Charles II's reign. They are then cylindrical in form, but early in the eighteenth century the pear shape prevailed. Thus the five Garthorne casters themselves date from so near to the close of the cylindrical period as to make it almost certain that the 1714 member of the group shown at the museum is a replacement. In early examples the piercing was simple, as of quatre foil and fleurs de lys. Although a more elaborate treatment was afterwards developed, few covers, even after the introduction of the pyriform type, have the elaboration of foliage and flowers produced by the association of piercing and engraving which George Garthorne adopted for the casters supplied to Marlborough. He was probably very pleased with the design, and may have used it with some frequency, for, with very little variation, it appears in a set of casters identical in size and form which was among the Methuen plate sold in 1920.

The Marlboroughs, by gift or purchase, will have occasionally acquired pieces made some years before they came to them. Such is the ewer dated 1668, when the future duke was a lad of eighteen. Such was a "great Porridge Dish" mentioned in one of the duchesses' wills as "bought at Earl Rodnor's Auction," and such a rose-water dish (Fig. 7) of the same size as those included in the sideboard "King's plate," but with an unbroken gadrooned edge and, in the centre, the arms of John, eighteenth Earl of Kildare (died 1707) and of his wife Elizabeth, a coheir of the first Earl of Ranelagh, the supporters being the Kildare monkey and the Ranelagh griffin. It bears the London date mark for 1677 and, with the French pilgrim bottles and ewers, is thus entered in the 1712 list:

Ladys Side { 1 Large Dish for the Sideboard
board { 2 bottles and 2 Ewers
{ 6 little Salvers

The last pieces now illustrated appear to have personal significance. The little cup (Fig. 13), only about 4ins. high, is of cocoa nut with silver mounts that are not English, and probably

Spanish-American. It is always kept at Althorp in association with the duke's toothpick case, and the tradition is that he drank his chocolate from it and always took it about with him. As Danby's warrant implies that, as a young unmarried officer, he campaigned with two chests full of silver, there is nothing improbable in the tradition that not only this little cocoa nut cup went with him, but that, in view of the uncertainty of home politics under William and Anne, all his plate accompanied him abroad, and the two large pilgrims' bottles were slung across a mule's back. If so, they must have had highly protective cases, for there is not a dent or a scratch on them.

Fig. 14 shows a small plate, 6½ins. across, one of ten made by David Willaume in 1728, and quite plain except for the letter M under a ducal crown. They, therefore, date from six years after the duke's death, and will have been made for Duchess Sarah, who seems to have taken a particular interest in them. Before she quarrelled with nearly every relation and friend, and finally left not only her silver but practically all her property, real and personal, to her younger grandson, John Spencer of Althorp, she made not infrequent wills, including varying legacies. Thus, in one of them she describes ten pieces as "little Plates us'd for drink at the Table," and distributes them among her grandchildren, leaving four each to John and Lady Diana Spencer and two to Charles Spencer, then Earl of Sunderland. Did she attach so much importance to these trivial pieces because they were the last new thing for placing under drinking cup or glass, and have we written record or picture of such use in the days of the second George? Eventually all ten plates went, with everything else, to John Spencer, and when his son was married at Althorp in 1755 the great cistern was used for punch, and several times filled and emptied. To John Spencer also came the Wimbledon property on which, as a widow, Duchess Sarah had built a great house. Many of her effects remained there, among them one of those elaborate toilet sets fashionable in her time, which include boxes great and small, bottles, brushes and looking-glasses, and weighing in the aggregate 500ozs. or more. In 1785 Wimbledon House was burned with most of the contents, and on April 4th George John second Earl Spencer writes to his mother:

The looking glass belonging to the dressing plate is saved, but the rest of the dressing plate has not been found and is supposed to lie under the rubbish of the little closet which was fallen in before anyone could get into it.

The looking-glass may now be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Less elaborate than many which, with the sets they formed part of, have appeared in recent years in the sale rooms (such, for instance, as the two that had belonged to the second Earl of Warrington and were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE in April, 1921), Duchess Sarah's toilet glass is of restrained but beautiful design and workmanship. That, indeed, is the character of all the surviving pieces of this fine ducal plate. It is by no means the most ornate of its habitually reticent time. It depends largely for effect and splendour on form and quality. It is sumptuous, without a touch of vulgarity, and even in the halcyon days of Queen Anne vulgarity occasionally cropped up.

ANTS, SPIDERS AND BEETLES IN HINDUSTAN

A Naturalist in Hindustan. by R. W. G. Hingston, M.C., M.B., Major, Indian Medical Service. (Witherby, 16s. net.)

MAJOR HINGSTON has written a most fascinating book. He writes clearly and pleasantly, and is able to explain the most complicated behaviour of his pet insects and spiders with clearness and lucidity. He is working very much on the lines of Fabre, but he has amplified and improved the methods of the French naturalist.

The area which he investigates is not a large one. It is, in fact, a bend in the forsaken bed of a great river, the Gogra. Here, in the water and on the mass of derelict alluvial soil, not only insects but many other creatures flourish. As he says himself:

Animal life in wild profusion gathers near these sandy shores. Crocodiles float like logs upon the water, or emerge on to some secluded slet to bask in the morning sun. The porpoises roll themselves in the turbid flow; the clumsy tortoise thrusts its wary head above the surface, and the fishes break it into rings of ripples everywhere they rise. Tall and stately herons stride majestically along the banks, or a cloud of snow-white egrets rise circling into the dusty sky. Ruddy sheldrakes give forth their clanging notes and flights of ducks go crashing into the water. We observe the skilful pratincoles darting and turning after insects in the air, the wonderful scissor-bill shearing the water with its beak, or the graceful terns first gliding, then poising, and then plunging into the stream. All are actively engaged in the struggle for the means to live. And all around is peace and silence. Save for the cry of the water-fowl, the very silence of the ocean seems to rest upon its banks, and not alone on the river itself, but far away, too, into those endless plains that extend to the farthest limit of our view.

The book falls into three portions. The first is a fascinating description of certain ants and their feeding arrangements.

It is well known that ants often live on the sugary excretion of aphides. By manipulating these hemiptera with their antennæ they cause the plant-lice to exude a drop of honey-dew, which the ant eagerly imbibes. But Major Hingston's ants fed on many other species of hemiptera. Many of them nourished themselves on coccids or mealy-bugs. These insects are pretty much alike fore and aft, and, intelligent as the ant may be, it cannot distinguish between the front and the hind end of its provider, and one may watch the ant manipulating the head end of the insect with no result at all.

One of the most fascinating habits of certain Indian black ants is that they stable the insects upon which they live, like cattle in byres. These are built of all kinds of substances. Certain of the ants will be detailed as carriers and builders. Suppose the nest is fixed on the leaf of a tamarix. "One will bring a piece of clay, another a fragment of straw, a third a twig of tamarix, a fourth a plume of grass, and I see a fifth heavily laden with a little molluscan shell." These are carried from below up to the byre, and are fitted into the wall of the building. This is done with the greatest care. The whole outer wall of the chamber is explored to find the most suitable place for the new material. Two other ants act as foremen, and move over the surface altering and adjusting the fragments until they are arranged as they wish. Inside the byre are more ants, probably adjusting and smoothing the inner walls. From time to time they come to the surface and communicate with the ants working outside. Then there is a fourth group which is occupied in cementing the walls of the byre into a smooth and tenacious fabric. This the insect does by carrying a larva firmly gripped in its jaws, pressing its front end forward and

touching with it the various irregularities of the byre. The larva at the same time emits a filament of silk, and in this way a silken fabric is formed, and fragments of earth and straw, etc., are cemented together by a tough skein of silk. The larva, which in other circumstances is quite inert, while spinning seems to take an intelligent interest in its work. To these byres many insects are driven by the ants, and they are immured to form a perpetual source of food for these "sagacious little insects."

Another fascinating section of the book deals with spiders and their nests. We venture to copy a few figures of the latter, though there are others. The simplest (Fig. 1) is formed of a grooved blade of grass. The spider, one of the Argioid family, makes a single bend in the grooved blade, so that the edges are in contact, and these are then bound together by layers of silk. The tunnel-like home is open at the bottom, and is lined with silk, and here it is that the female deposits her eggs. A still more ingenious spider, probably of the same family, makes one downward turn of the leaf and one upward (Fig. 2). In this way a triangular chamber is formed, and the six edges are again woven together by silk, which may be supplemented

1.—The Tunnel Chamber. 2.—The Triangular Chamber.

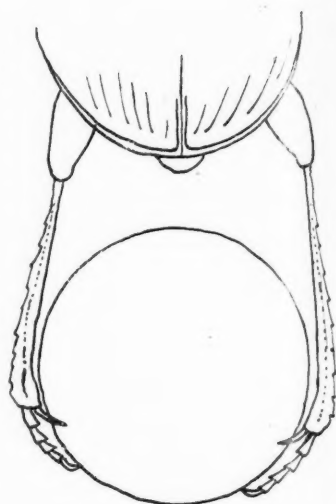
by bandages so skilfully arranged that the smartest V.A.D. could not have placed them better (Fig. 4). An even more ingenious arrangement is when the home is prepared by manipulating the grass-leaf so that it coils round and round itself, as is indicated in Fig. 3.

The last portion of the book is devoted to the dung-rolling beetles, of which the common Sacred Beetle of the Egyptians is the European representative. But for the existence of these

creatures in inconceivable numbers, the land of India, where there is little proper system of drainage, would become a land of filth. Fabre has investigated and made many experiments with the *Scarabæus sacer*; these have been repeated and improved by the author of our book. He made numerous experiments on the intelligence of these beetles, cutting a sphere into halves and quarters and watching them reunite these parts, or fixing one to the earth with a pin as Fabre had done. This pin the beetle was able to overcome.

Pressing underneath and raising itself, it pushed the ball off its peg, and it is notable here that it is the female which takes the initiative and does most of the work, being stronger than the male. Major Hingston also suspended the spheres like the ball of a pendulum, which completely baffled the insects: they could make nothing of it. The spheres are always made to a certain size, and, apparently, as Fig. 5 shows, the hind legs act as calipers and in this way the right diameter is obtained.

The whole book is full of an extraordinary appreciation of nature, and shows great ingenuity in investigating the mental processes of the spiders and insects on which the author so lovingly dwells.



5.—Hind Legs used as an instrument of measurement.

Poems. by Lady M. Sackville. (George Allen and Unwin, 5s.)

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE does not tear leaves from life and inscribe them with human passion. She dips her pen in classical age-cold waters and writes with fantastical fury and limns huge, colossal regrets. She has the super-touch. In her *Credo* does she not cry:

"Hearts proud as ours can stoop to no such death
Our royal state can scarce descend to this."

Such a lot of height and depth—"proud" and "stoop," "royal state" and "descend." Raleigh's cloak must be spread for such high-stepping disdain. From *Credo* she passes on regally to "A Prayer," and we hear the maddening twang of the harp string or perhaps heart string of:

"Oh! when I'm mad with joy come to me Death!"

Go along! We live, most of us, in back streets, and have more pale lips than red corpuscles. Yet, such a prayer as this does not tremble before remonstrant heaven:

"I'll fade into delight as at High Mass
Music and incense mingle and not one
O! Life! shall dare to think of me as dead."

These shrieks, these insurgent clutching hands at impossibilities leave us tired. We walk amid the blood of men and hear from below the groans of imprisoned miners, or read with crucified vision blatant headlines of the eight who sleep in one room. Lady Margaret Sackville has a real gift, perhaps uncanny, certainly original, even when reminiscent. That is to be found in the pages headed "Epitaphs":

"Lonely I lived and died:—let no footfall
Disturb me now—for that were worse than all."

That has the laconic grim grip of the Greek anthologists. Only the spirit is not theirs. Here is one of her most striking epitaphs—tragic and concise:

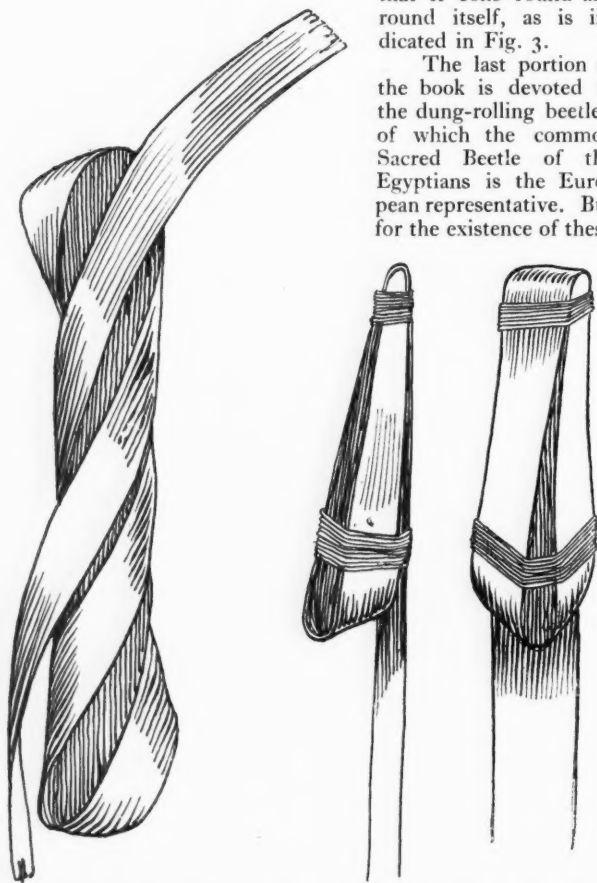
"Life did not stint
My cup to fill:—
I drank each drop
And thirsted still."

"Death's little, poor
And meagre wine
Has wholly quenched
This thirst of mine."

The dialogue of "The Vicar's Wife and the Faun" has charm and humour. R. G.

Young Felix. by Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

HERE is that satisfactory thing, an established author's latest book that is also his best book. Moreover, *Young Felix* leaves us with the pleasurable feeling that, although Mr. Swinnerton has not hitherto done anything as good as this, he may very well be going to do something even better in the future; that he has found a working hypothesis for life and literature; that he has, in short, found himself and knows it. A kind of rich leisureliness, humour and humanity pervade the book, a secure knowledge of the things that matter and the things that do not. We follow the fortunes of young Felix from the age of two to the age of thirty or so, and we really feel for him the affection that we are desired to feel. He and his—Pa, Ma, Godfrey his brother, Grumps his grandfather, Julie his aunt, Jacob his friend, even Tippet, Witchet and Squiffins, his successive cats—are creations in the round. We know that we could not trip Mr. Swinnerton up over any of them. What he has told us is only an instalment of what he could tell us if we asked; they are real to his imagination, and he knows them all. But the best of them are, undoubtedly, Felix himself (by no means a thing that, concerning a hero of fiction, goes without saying) and Ma



3.—The Open Spiral Chamber. 4.—The Strapped Triangular Chamber. (a) Side view; (b) front view.

Ma is a triumph and a delight; a dauntless wife, a perfect mother, a woman of gaiety and zest, wisdom and wit. No wonder Felix blanches when it comes to a choice between Ma and Estelle, the worthless girl he marries. Estelle, it must be admitted, is the weak point in the book, not because she is worthless, but because she is never quite real, never more than a clever hotch-potch of other worthless women of fiction. We cannot persuade ourselves that Felix the clear-eyed, the intuitive, the hater of shams and poses, would have been as easily

taken in as all that. And still less can we believe—Estelle having been hurled into the arms of an improbable lover in order to free Felix—in his second love, Mary, who appears only on the last half-dozen pages, sharing an air-raid with Felix and giving him an opportunity for his final *mot*. However, it is well to remember that this is a full book to read and must have been an exhausting, though happy, one to write; we easily forgive its author the two tired or mechanical lapses of Estelle and Mary, and tender him our thanks for all the rest. V. H. F.

ON GOOSE SHOOTING IN ALBERTA

BY WILLIAM ROWAN.

PROBABLY the most sought-after game bird in the Province of Alberta is the goose. It is also the most difficult to get. Not that it is scarce. One may see a thousand in a day, but never get a shot. One can run by car to almost any lake, in the season, and be certain of getting ducks. One may take the most elaborate precautions and trouble after one has definitely located geese, and come home empty handed. To the average goose hunter there is only one method of getting this wily bird, and that is in stubble. Curious how few know that even better sport may be obtained on the lake's edge; yet, it is a fact.

Let the reader imagine that I have invited him to accompany me on a short expedition to one of our larger lakes. We get the first

the stubble in question as we expect they are. Upon that fact depends our sport in the morning. Satisfied that they are there and unsuspecting, we turn in for the night. Long before the first streak of grey in the east announces the coming of day, we have arrived on the shooting ground and are digging the pits. These are small at the top but deep enough at one end to accommodate our feet and any birds brought down, while the other end forms a seat just so deep that we can sit erect without our heads showing above the level of the ground. The earth thrown up is scattered immediately around the pit and then carefully covered with stubble and made to look as much as possible as the real thing. Upon this task too much trouble cannot be expended. If the ground is hard, all this takes a considerable



CIRCLING IN OVER THE DECOYS.

view of it as the car tops a low hill on the road—a sheet of water disappearing on the horizon, but whose nearer border is only two miles distant. Five minutes later we are ploughing through little sandpits and running over the sun-caked mudflats along the water's edge, putting hundreds of drowsy ducks, with much quacking and lamentation, out to "sea." Waders, with which the coast is teeming, fly farther along in large flocks, or continue feeding, belly deep, undisturbed. Gulls dot the surface of the tranquil water or fly lazily across the sky. Here and there a harrier circles unnoticed among them. We stop for a few moments and cover the lake with binoculars: only a couple of hundred yards out, with heads suspiciously cocked, are the first ducks. Ducks, ducks, everywhere ducks, safe while on the water. But here and there are rafts of birds larger than the fattest mallards, their long, graceful necks craned in evident disapproval of our proximity to their sanctuary. Their grey bodies and white cheeks are their cards of introduction, the birds that we are after, Canada geese, hundreds of them, and Canadas are the great prize.

Presently we turn inland and run the car to the shelter of a small clump of poplars and brush. Here we can pitch the tent nicely out of sight and also find cover for the car. Everything is unloaded and home made comfortable for the night. We are within a mile of the field of wheat stubble in which the geese were feeding last night and where we shall get our sport in the morning. Our evening is spent in casual duck shooting and in determining whether the geese are really again patronising

time, and we may find that daylight is already lighting up the surrounding country when we are through. Lastly, the decoys are put out. Our pits are some forty yards apart, and the dummies are placed, facing into the wind, about seventy yards off the line joining the pits: on the lee side if there is a wind. We then make ourselves comfortable and wait. There is little likelihood of geese arriving before sunrise, but they may turn up at any time after daybreak, and we cannot afford to take a chance. Our most difficult task now is to refrain from indulging in first-class duck shooting, as mallards are already as thick as peas on every side. After what appears to be an interminable age we hear the first honking of geese. Slowly the sound approaches. We call, and though but a poor imitation of the genuine article, we have the satisfaction of hearing the flock heading direct for us. Rapidly now the honking grows louder, and even before we are expecting it some thirty enormous Canadas are making for the decoys. As always, they come into the wind, thereby passing right between the pits. By prearrangement one takes the leaders, the other the rearguard. Both guns speak almost simultaneously and our first four birds are brought to earth. It is very unlikely that this flock will return, and, having satisfied ourselves that this is the case, we promptly collect the victims, which would only be a danger signal to the next arrivals. This done, we continue to wait. It may be less than ten minutes, it may be an hour, before we get another chance, or we may see no more geese at all. There is no telling. This time, however, we are in luck, and hardly have we retrieved

our birds and retired to the pits than we see another flock on the horizon. Immediately we obliterate ourselves and crouch down in anticipation. The honking tells us that the birds are fast coming on. Now they are circling, once, twice, three times, finally to swoop down to the decoys right between the pits. Even as we jump up to shoot we realise that these are not the same birds as the last. They are, in fact, the small edition of the Canada, the Hutchin's goose. But they are first-class table birds, and we must consider ourselves in luck.



YOUNG WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.

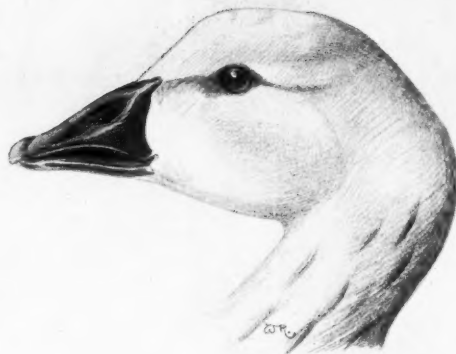
Popularly called "Brant," and responsible for numerous erroneous records of this eastern bird.

At ten o'clock, having waited for more than an hour without signs of more game, we make for camp, cook breakfast and run the car round to pick up the birds, eighteen in all. We fill in the pits and, as far as that field is concerned, the shooting has come to an end. We have no more definite information such as had brought us down in the first place, and so we spend the evening "locating." This merely means watching the evening flight of geese and tracing them to their feeding ground. This done, we know where to start digging before daybreak the next morning, and so, if we have the same good fortune, repeat our very creditable performance of to-day.

Such is typical stubble shooting for geese. Geese are the most unaccountable beasts, and it may so happen, particularly at the end of the season, that even though the birds have been safely and certainly located the previous evening, they may not return to the same field the next morning. All one's labours are then in vain. Morning shooting is generally more reliable than evening, since geese will at all times go from morning to morning without coming in. Or, for some other obscure reason, the birds will not decoy, but will settle in large numbers in your field, but out of range. There is no betting on the wily goose.



ADULT WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.



ROSS'S SNOW GOOSE, NO BIGGER THAN A LARGE MALLARD.

Shore shooting for geese is, generally speaking, unknown, but it may afford more fun than stubble. On many of these lakes there grows a very fine variety of grass, a favourite food of all species of goose. By the use of pits and decoys, set out in the same sort of way as for stubble shooting, one may get sport throughout the day, provided there is a wind strong enough to annoy the birds on the water and bring them into the shore. A good sample of the sort of thing came to my notice last year, when a shooter with a double barrel gun, and by himself, got nineteen geese in a day. He was, incidentally, shooting on a favourite beat of my own and from the very pit that gave me the first goose experience of my life. On the same spot, but towards the end of the season, when the birds had, no doubt, "got wise," I had in a single morning eleven flocks of geese, ranging in number from four to fifty, within a hundred yards of me and never fired a shot. They simply refused to decoy. Shore shooting has the added advantage that one can put in the waiting periods on ducks. The geese arrive from long distances mostly, and, provided one does not shoot when once a flock is in sight—they can generally be spotted several



HUTCHIN'S GOOSE, A SMALL EDITION OF THE CANADIAN GOOSE.

miles away—duck shooting in the intervals does no harm. To the collector the shore, again, has a special appeal. Here one is far more likely to get all the species of geese than on stubble, and the chances of a rarity turning up are far greater. The common birds of the province are the Canada, Hutchin's, white-fronted, lesser snow and Ross's snow geese. All are fond of stubble, but greys and whites seldom, if ever, mix. But consecutive flocks on the coastline may be of any kind.

Finally, a word with regard to decoys. These are generally dummies, but habitual goose hunters are very fond of live ones. Theoretically, these should work wonders, but in practice they often prove more trouble than they are worth. If one hears that live decoys are in the market at a reasonable price, it is safe to turn them down. It generally means that they are useless. They either refuse to call, when dummies are every bit as good, or, worse still, they lie down as soon as turned out, when

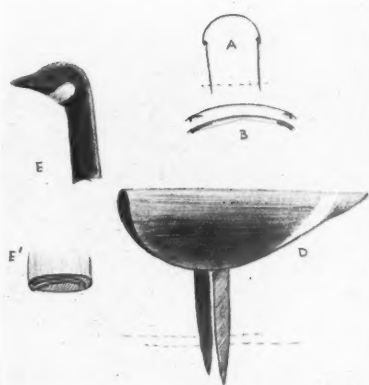
they are liable to goose in the country, sale, it is dum in the and "colo general thing I by Mr. Compan made o slightly folded in The hea 4in. woo the Can anterior clip. F to be s where t the bird and the pushed the requ body ca fitting c to these than wa to the s Wh flock of be foun

M nature vulgate nowhere so flat the bal admit, any sel only th is a gol I woul whatev and ask this yo deservin paid fi of kno the bal Th among supped the nex fellows for year We spe reasons Simpson in his t it was s has driv to rebe for the f turn again one is as no er. of toe paralys Le talking a re ough belled out th grip w light that t single

they are worse than useless, as they are liable to be mistaken for dead birds. A goose that calls well is the only one worth the great trouble of transporting round the country. If such a one ever goes up for sale, its price is generally prohibitive.

It is extraordinary to what primitive dummies the goose will respond—early in the season. Almost anything shaped and coloured like a goose will serve. For general use, however, by far the best thing I have yet seen is a decoy designed by Mr. Turvey of the Dominion Cartridge Company in Edmonton. The body is made of stove-pipe sheeting cut and slightly bent. The legs are hinged and folded inside the body. (See illustration.) The head and neck piece is made of zin. by 4in. wood, shaped and coloured to resemble the Canada goose, which slips on to the anterior end of the body by means of a metal clip. For shore shooting the legs require to be somewhat longer than for stubble where the soil is firm and hard. When the bird is put up the legs are swung out and then pulled together till parallel and pushed so into the ground. This gives the required curvature to the body. One body can be packed into another, a dozen fitting comfortably into an ordinary suit case. The one objection to these decoys is their weight, but this is really less serious than waste of space, for one can generally run the car right up to the scene of action.

Whether stubble or shore shooting in the west, a small flock of decoys spells failure. The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that geese here generally associate in large



A USEFUL GOOSE DECOY.

(a) Section of body in position; (b) section of bodies in relaxed position, legs folded lengthwise ready to pack in sack; (c) body in position; (d) head and neck cut out of strips of zin. by 4in. wood; (e) bottom of neck, showing clip to slip under body.

numbers. To take along half a dozen decoys would be waste of effort. At least thirty should be put out.

Although excellent goose shooting is still to be had, it does not compare with the sport of days gone by that even comparatively juvenile old-timers can recall. Sloughs that now look mighty attractive with their three or four hundred geese used to be white with waveys or at other times black with Canadas. Settlements north of Edmonton were few and, consequently, the birds were comparatively easy to get, for they had been but little shot at before they got so far south. Even to-day, at such migratory centres as Athabasca Lake, where there is all too little observance of game laws, unbelievable numbers are killed annually, and frozen for winter use. At a fur station here last fall, a trader, accompanied by a half-breed, and both carrying pump guns, went out for two days and returned with 1,500 geese. It is the merest slaughter, for the young here in all probability make their first acquaintance with firearms and can be shot down in wholesale quantities. Since the unprecedented rise in fur prices came about as a result

of the war, the number of traders in the north has increased inordinately. The oil boom has been responsible for another influx of whites. Geese and big game are the staple meat supplies of the north. The effect that slaughter on such a scale will ultimately have if it goes unchecked can easily be imagined. It is to be hoped that something will be done in the near future to meet the situation.

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN GOLF

MR. WETHERED, as all the world now knows, drove the gutty ball at Woking extraordinarily far and extraordinarily straight with an old wooden club of prehistoric aspect. Only those who actually saw and handled the club can fully realise the remarkable nature of his performance. Its shaft was, "as the golfing vulgate hath it, a perfect tangle," with spring everywhere and nowhere; its grip was as that of a cricket bat; and its head was so flat in the lie that I felt as if I could only have addressed the ball comfortably if seated in a basket chair. I will not admit, for the honour of my venerable contemporaries, that any self-respecting player ever employed such a weapon. The only thing proved by Mr. Wethered's play with it is that he is a golfing genius, and genius cannot be fettered. Nevertheless, I would wager that a good many people, possessed of no genius whatever, have gone half-shamefacedly to their pet clubmaker and asked him to build them a weapon such as that with which this young Samson smote his enemies. The clubmakers, a deserving class, will benefit, and their customers will only have paid fifteen shillings or so for a useful if disillusioning piece of knowledge. Of one thing I feel sure, they will not hit the ball.

This is but one instance of a very common phenomenon among golfers. It is said that long ago a Scottish professional supped all too well one night and won the Championship on the next day, and that this circumstance produced among his fellows a misapprehension as to cause and effect which lasted for years. Most of us in a soberer way make the same error. We spend our lives in a long process of inventing preposterous reasons for the accident of our having hit the ball. Sir Walter Simpson, in a classic passage, has put it in a nutshell. "C turns in his toes because it cured him of swaying his body. Of course, it was stopping swaying, not standing like a crab, which restored his driving." That is a hard saying and I have often felt tempted to rebel against it. I have wanted to say, taking up the cudgels for the poor crab-like one, "But, hang it all, whatever you say, if turning in my toes made me drive well once, why shouldn't it again?" But I think of the answer or answers all too soon. One is that once the body got used to the crab-like stance, it was no longer controlled by it, and began to sway as badly as ever. Another is, I think, that, like any other drug, this remedy of toe-turning has to be taken in ever larger doses until it paralyses the entire frame.

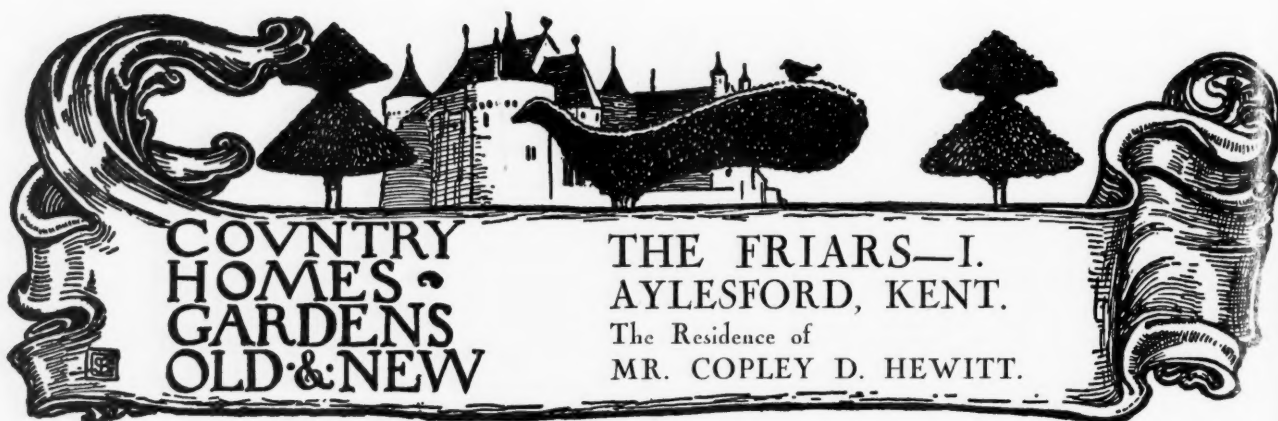
Let me give another illustration. A very shrewd observer, talking to me the other day of a player who had done very well in a recent tournament, said of him that he had been "lucky enough" to hurt his finger on the day before and so was compelled to adopt a new grip. It sounds a paradoxical remark, but there is much sense in it. I think it unlikely that the new grip was any better than the old one. The virtue lay in the slight feeling of strangeness and discomfort which ensured that the player should take unusual pains over the simple and single act of hitting the ball. Probably, he did not realise this

himself, because it is a thing much easier to appreciate in the case of other people than of ourselves. Yet, that is the secret, far more often than not, of our temporary success with some new "gadget" of grip or stance. Psychologists have demonstrated for what an absurdly short time the human mind can really pay attention and how dreadfully quickly it wanders. Likewise, it is far easier to pay attention if we are interested than if we are bored. When we are trying some new device we are for the time being thoroughly interested, and we pay attention accordingly without having to force ourselves to do so. If we admitted this fact, our golfing life, though more practically successful, would be shorn of much romance and hope. It is far more exciting to attribute our success to an epoch-making discovery than to mere careful, single-minded aiming or to that feeling of stiffness and strangeness which compelled us to "take it easy." Personally, I know that I shall go on believing in my own discoveries to the end of my life, and though I shall be a worse golfer for it, I think I shall be a happier man. Still, I should just like to make it clear that I am a wilful rather than a born fool.

The traditional deadliness of a brand-new putter springs from much the same cause. Unless we are very young indeed, we do not believe that the putter is a magic wand that will retain its miraculous properties for ever. What we generally say, in a deprecating manner, is that, of course, the new club "gave us confidence." I do not think that is really the right explanation. True, when it has holed one or two long ones across the green it gives us confidence. So would our old one if it behaved so prettily. But what made the new putter hole those long ones? Surely, it was that we had, for the moment, dismissed from our minds all the poisonous notions about wrists and elbows that had been fermenting there. We were not thinking about looking like Mr. Ouimet or taking the club back like a photograph we had once seen of a man whose name we could not quite remember. We were simply thinking about hitting the ball in the middle of the face of that new club.

It struck me that the gutty ball was, in a sense, wonderfully restful to play with. One had so completely forgotten how the ball behaved, that, when it did unexpected or unpleasant things, one did not instantly seek a reason. One did not catechise oneself as to which of one's besetting sins had caused the mishap. After all, it might not be one's own fault. Here was an eccentric, impish sort of ball that might do anything, and the best thing was just to try to hit it again. At the end of the day, having played, according to my lights, fairly well, I was yet in a state of great uncertainty as to whether or not I had been hitting the ball. I knew I had not been hitting it as far as some other people—that was almost painfully obvious. But whether I should on that day have been hitting a rubber-cored ball as I ought I did not know, and I did not very much care. To those given to over-much analysis of causes and effects the poor, dear, dead gutty brought at once a blessed surcease and a moral lesson.

BERNARD DARWIN.



THIS interesting and beautiful house occupies part of the site, and includes considerable remains, of the ancient priory of the White Friars which was founded in 1240 by Sir Richard de Grey of Codnor. The White Friars, or Carmelites, are first heard of in Europe in the twelfth century as having been driven out of Palestine by the Saracens. Of their original home on Mount Carmel and their early history little appears to be known, but, once settled in Europe, they became an active and growing body. Their rule, which received official approval in the middle of the thirteenth century, resembled that of Saint Basil. At the time of the suppression of the monasteries there were about forty houses of the Order in existence in England and Wales. Colonies of the Carmelites were first brought to this country by John Vesey and the aforesaid Sir Richard de Grey of Codnor in or about 1240, and they were established at Alnwick and Aylesford. The first European chapter of the Order was held at Aylesford in 1245.

The manor of Aylesford had been granted by Henry III in his fourteenth year to Sir Richard de Grey of Codnor. He had been a firm supporter of the King against the rebellious barons. He filled various high offices—Constable of Dover Castle, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and so forth. In

due course he went crusading to the East, and it was there that he fell in with the Carmelites and brought some of them home with him, establishing a priory for them on his lands at Aylesford and, presently, another in London. The site of the latter is still indicated by the names, well known in the publishing world, Whitefriars and Carmelite House. The great grandson of the founder added three acres to the lands of the priory in the eleventh year of Edward II, and Richard II, in his seventeenth year, presented it with a spring of water and land about it at Haly-garden, in the parish of Burham, to make an aqueduct. I am told that pipes belonging to this water supply have been unearthed from time to time. The priory was at no time rich, nor were its lands extensive, but they were fertile and well situated. The remains of the ancient buildings point to a small but well-to-do religious and agricultural community.

The mediæval village was evidently a prosperous little place. Its fourteenth century stone bridge, whereof the most part still remains, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the Medway navigation authorities to get it removed, is situated a short distance below the ford, which was used from very early days. The bed of this ford was paved with heavy stones which were dredged up within the memory of persons still living. It was this crossing place that determined the site of the village. The



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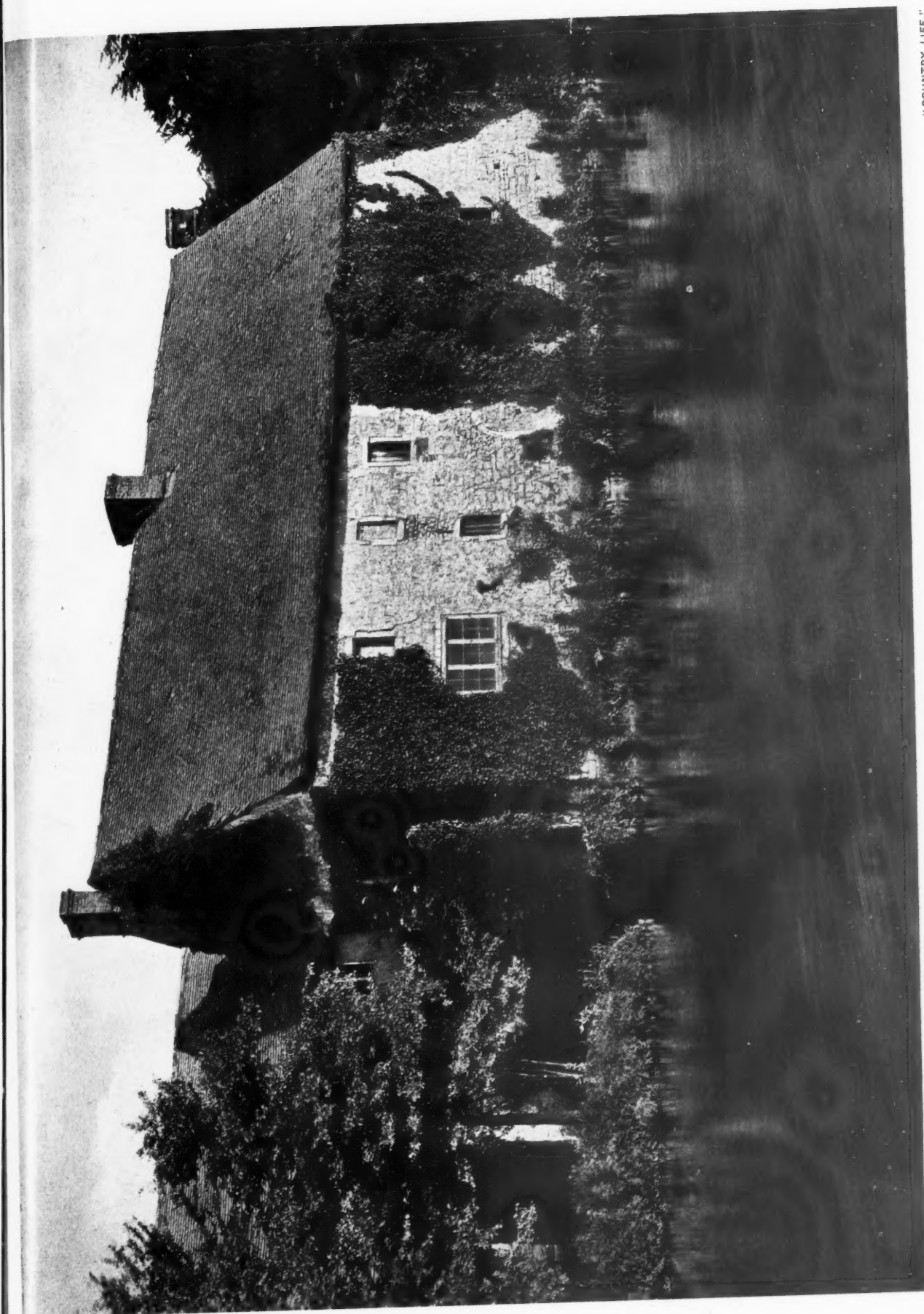
THE FRIARS: THE GATE-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Oct 27th, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE RIVER GATE.

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THE FRIARS: ENTRANCE SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

road to it must have branched off from the Pilgrim's Way near Kits Coty House and passed beside that other now ruined Dolmen known as the Countless Stores. The gravel pits of Aylesford have yielded multitudes of flint implements of various dates. A late Celtic cemetery containing a remarkable series of pre-Roman antiquities of fine quality, which were excavated by Sir Arthur Evans, proves the presence on this site of an important British community. The fine existing church expresses the prosperity of the mediæval village. It stands on the top of a small eminence overlooking the cluster of houses intervening between it and the bank of the Medway. The fortunes of Sir Richard de Grey's successors are but

dimly recorded. John de Grey, in the time of Edward III, received as a gift from the King "a hood of white cloth embroidered with blue men dancing, buttoned before with great pearls." When the Priory was dissolved it became the property of Thomas Cromwell, but was soon transferred to Sir Thomas Wyatt of the neighbouring Allington Castle. Some correspondence still exists which passed between these two politicians as to ecclesiastical spoils, Cromwell undertaking to look after Wyatt's interests during his absence abroad on diplomatic missions. The Wyatts, father and son, were very successful in absorbing church property in the neighbourhood, for they became possessed of the lands of no fewer than three abbeys—Boxley, West Malling



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THE FRIARS, FROM THE RIVER.

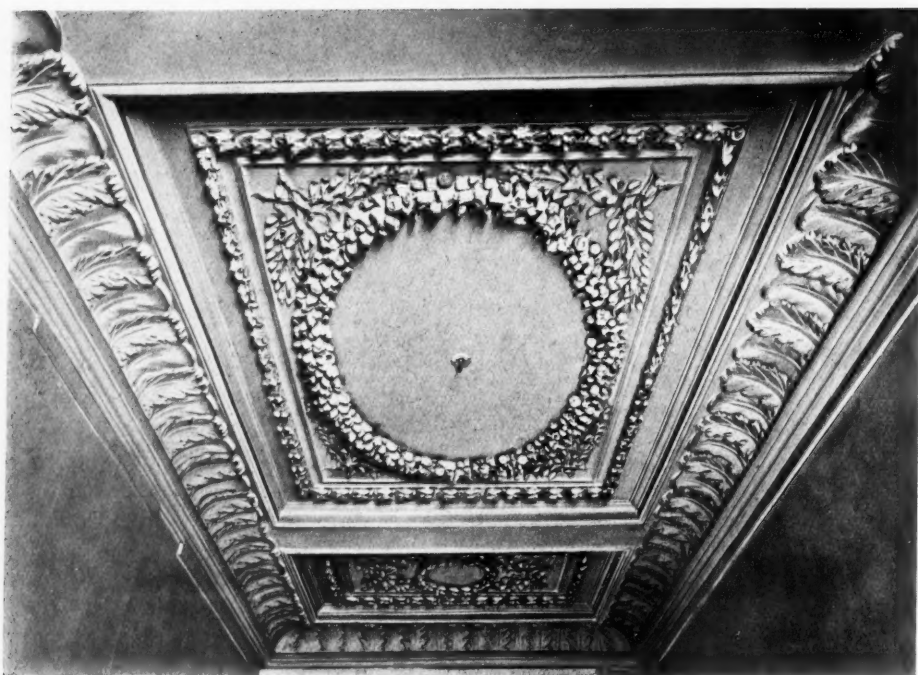
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THROUGH THE GATE-HOUSE.

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STAIRCASE CEILING.

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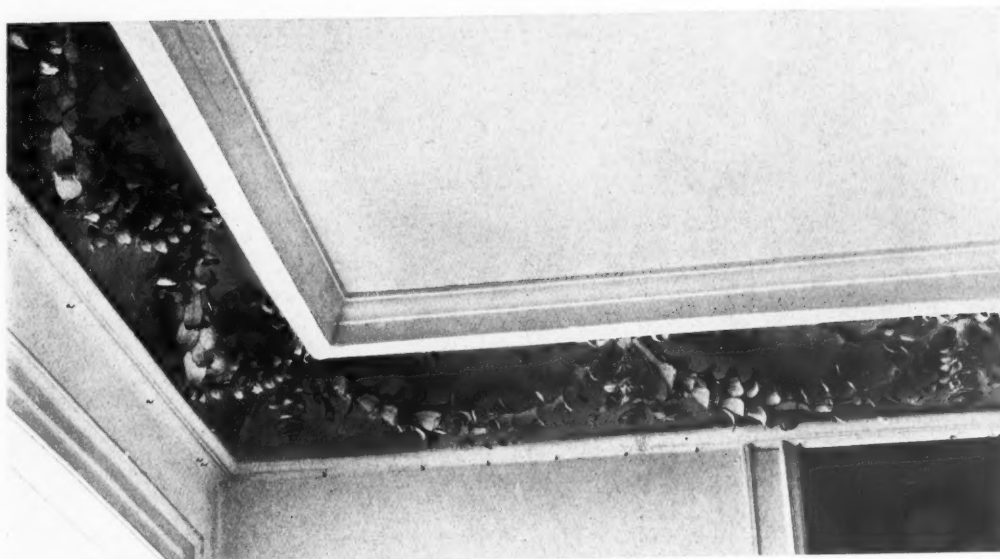
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THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Aylesford. The Aylesford property is described as consisting of the priory precinct and seven pieces of land near by. The Wyatts had no occasion to occupy a dwelling at Aylesford, their home being only a couple of miles further up-stream. They were represented by a bailiff who, doubtless, lived in some part of the old buildings. A brass tablet in the church was set up bearing an inscription to his memory by Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder. The inscription is on the back of a fragment of a larger figured brass of not much earlier date. It is now detached from the wall so that both faces can be examined. The Wyatts do not appear to have done any building at the Friars, but they probably pulled down the monastic church that stood upon what is now the lawn in front of the house. Some years ago the foundations were excavated and displayed, but no plan was made nor were any details recorded. In dry summers the outline of the foundations is said to be still traceable.

When Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger was beheaded for his share in the Kentish Rebellion, in the reign of Mary, his Aylesford property was given to Sir Robert Southwell as a reward for his services in the suppression of that rising. It appears, however, that the priory lands were excepted from this grant. They were given by Queen Elizabeth to John Sedley of Southfleet, who made his home here and was the first post-Reformation proprietor to put in hand any considerable work of building. A door in the gate-house bears his initials J. S. and the date 1590, while what is now the pantry and scullery wall is dated 1597. When James I was king Sir Thomas Colepeper of Preston Hall owned lands in Aylesford, which appear once to have been Wyatt property, but may not have belonged to the priory. They did not include the Friars. The beautiful alabaster Colepeper tomb in the church, with the helmet and two gauntlets of Sir Thomas, commemorates the association of this ubiquitous Kentish family with Aylesford. John Sedley founded the hospital of the Holy Trinity, now a picturesque row of almshouses behind the church. The Sedleys were a Romney Marsh family, where they are heard of in the reign of Edward III. Sedley Marsh still preserves their name. One of them moved to Southfleet and built a house there about 1337. His descendant, Sir William Sedley of Aylesford, was one of James I's first group of baronets in 1611.



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THE WRITING-ROOM CEILING.

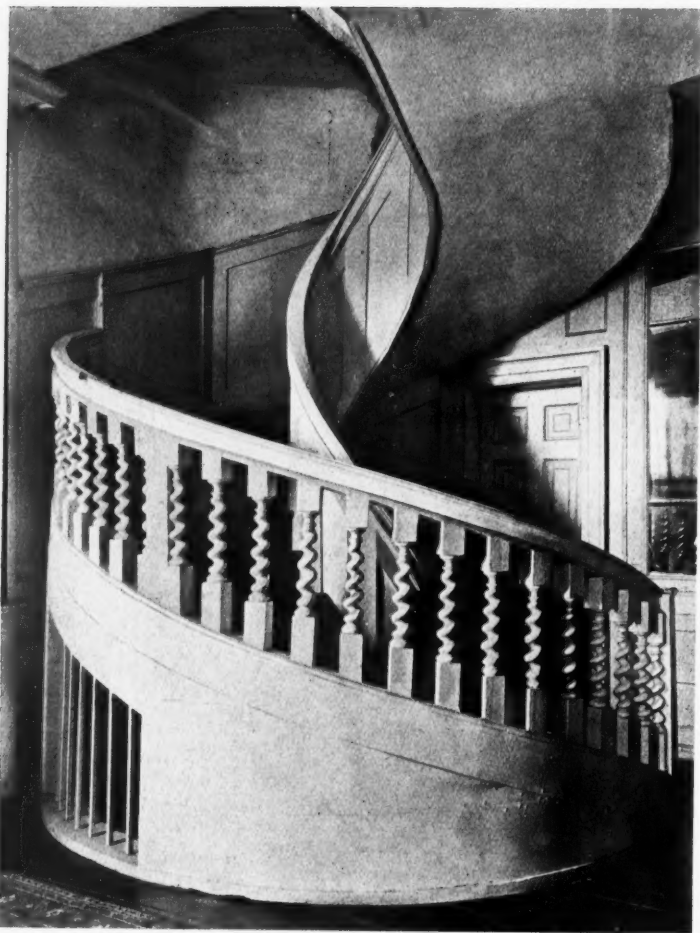
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THE GALLERY DOORWAY.

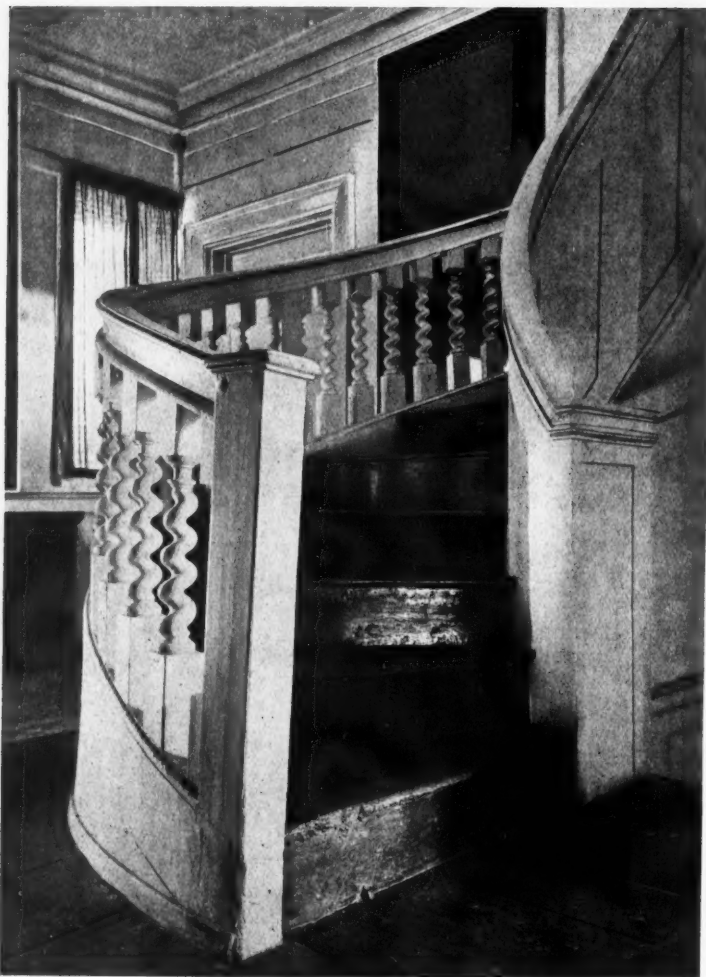
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THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

THE FOOT OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE.

"C.L."

He is still remembered as founder of the Sedleian Lectureship in Natural Philosophy at Oxford. He inherited the Friars from his brother John and sold it to Sir Peter Rycout. His tenth and youngest son, Sir Paul Rycout, was a great traveller in Europe, Asia and Africa. He was sent as ambassador from Charles II to Sultan Mahomet IV. He spent seven years in the Turkish camp in Hungary and was consul at Smyrna for eleven years. In the reign of James II he was secretary for Leinster and Connaught and filled other offices in Ireland. When William III was king he went as British Resident to the Hanse Towns and spent ten years in Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen. He was the author of several books. He died in 1700 at the age of seventy-two and was buried in Aylesford church, where his monument can be seen with his helmet, sword and two gauntlets. There is a monument also to Sir William Sedley's cook, but its brass plate has disappeared.

In 1657, nearly half a century before Sir Paul Rycout's death, his brother had sold the Friars to Caleb Banks of Maidstone; his son, Sir Joseph Banks, who was made a baronet in 1661, resided here till his death in 1699. He also was buried in the church where his monument and helmet are preserved. Much of the existing house was built by him in and about 1677 and 1678, dates which appear on lead rain-water heads, the latter date on the ballroom, both dates on the dining-room block. Sir John's daughter and heiress married Heneage Finch, second son of the Earl of Nottingham. He was created Baron Guernsey in 1703 and Earl of Aylesford on the accession of George I. Throughout the eighteenth century the Friars was one of the family seats, and still remains the property of his successors. It has been leased to various tenants and was for a time occupied by Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P., who thought of restoring it, but transferred his admirable activities to Herstmonceux Castle, as readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember. Since the present tenant has been in occupation much has been done to bring the building into greatly needed repair and to embellish the charmingly laid-out old gardens without any interference with the mellowed work of successive generations who have made this charming and charmingly situated house their home.

Few houses in England offer examples, and such good examples, of the work of so many generations, or so picturesque and harmonious a grouping of various styles. There are a few remains of the original building of about the thirteenth century. The walled-up cloister, the refectory and some other features descend from the fifteenth century. The courtyard is for the most part a sixteenth century remodelling of older buildings, and there are many inserted doorways and windows of the same date. Finally, the reconstruction undertaken at the end of the seventeenth century brought the whole front into harmony and gave it marked distinction, while the ballroom, staircase and upper corridor then wrought within the older walls are among the finest of their kind, and their panelling and other decorations are almost unique. To disentangle the work of these various generations and reconstruct the building as it existed in successive centuries is no easy task; nor is it evident for what purpose all the parts were used. The gate-house, with its finely panelled upper rooms, is a separate dwelling-house apparently intended for occupation by people of a certain quality. The Elizabethan building added behind the old refectory was likewise evidently intended for separate habitation by a family—perhaps the steward's. The whole establishment at the end of the seventeenth century must have been of a patriarchal character. The adaptation of all these buildings to modern uses gives rise to problems which are being gradually solved with a little ingenuity.

The Medway in the neighbourhood of Aylesford is a tidal river, tending to spread. Its banks are low and there are several islands flanking them, only separated from them by shallow channels filled at high tide. The land on which the Friars was built may have been such an island. There



Copyright.

AT THE END OF THE MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are tidal ponds, once governed by sluices, just below the buildings, and there is a closed archway in the river wall which seems once to have admitted the waters to some moat or pool above the site of the chapel. A stone embankment preserves the present house and garden from encroachment by the river, and this, no doubt, was built in monastic days. A water-gate is a picturesque feature admitting to the courtyard. A flight of stone steps and a tiny port for a boat are associated with it. The wide gateway passes under the picturesque half-timber building, which looks so pretty in summertime when seen from the other bank of the stream or even from the windows of a train on the remoter railway. East of the courtyard there is a rectangular moated area, now covered with trees, which may have been the site of a house more ancient than the Abbey. A reach of this moat spread far backwards and probably encircled the whole monastic establishment, passing before the gate-house, which was certainly equipped with a drawbridge.

Work recently accomplished in this part of the grounds has thrown some light on the ancient disposition of the various now filled-up branches of the moat. It seems clear that the moated site east of the convent must have contained the manor house which Sir Richard de Grey of Codnor presented to the newly imported Carmelites. The river Medway and three tidal ditches enclosed it. The area is not large. No traces of stone foundations are discoverable, though excavation might reveal them. Probably, however, the manor house was a timber structure of moderate dimensions. The friars, doubtless, settled down in it, but soon began the erection of more

permanent, convenient and dignified buildings on the adjacent site.

The form of the great gate implies the existence of a draw-bridge and, consequently, of a moat before it. This conclusion is supported by the memory of some old inhabitants of the village, who recall the filling up of an arm of moat which led back from the manor house moat to the immediate neighbourhood of the gate-house, where it will have turned at right angles along what is now the bottom walk of the walled garden. There exists also a dim tradition that such a moat was in fact filled in "about 200 years ago" when the formal garden was laid out with its terraces, its yews and its orangery. An existing pathway, which would have run parallel to and just within this moat, bears to-day the name of "The Monks' Walk." It is also remembered that walls which appear to cut across these moats at right angles are traversed by archways now buried, and in particular that there is a buried bridge beneath the road that now forms the back entrance to the courtyard. This bridge, however, was not of monastic date, for the original entrance to the courtyard led first through the gate-house and then, within all the moats, through the blocked-up archway included within the dwelling-house. The blocked-up archways facing the river up-stream above the house and above the site of the monastic church are placed just where the most easterly arm of this complicated moat system may be expected to have run. A large fish pond, which would be tidal but for an ancient sluice that blocks a ditch leading to the river, though in close proximity to the manor house moat, does not seem to have ever communicated with it.

MARTIN CONWAY.

COUNTRY IN TOWN

A Roman might, from London Wall—
Where yet some stones by chance or fate
Hold fast its line near Cripplegate—
Have flung a pebble thence to fall
Within the City where, to-day,
Flanked by buildings old and grey,
There stands a shop whose merchandise
Is much beloved of townsmen's eyes:
For, of its markets' stalls, I know

None that more lures than this, where show
Samples of all that is by toil
And patience won from homely soil
To grace the table with, or please
The eyes, or nectar make for bees;
And tools, to cut, or delve; and, lest
The harvest be forestalled by pest,
Such medicines and charms as will
Its natural foes frustrate or kill.

NORMAN C. GOULD.

ALPINES IN SAVOY

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. GAVIN JONES, D.S.O.

WHEN one talks of the Alps one somehow thinks of Switzerland and Italy—it is only on second thoughts one realises that a large slice of them come across into France, and from the plant lovers point of view it is an important slice, for it is full of attractive and rare varieties. Our first hunting ground was Brizon, Solaison and a minor peak called Point de Dendé. On our way up, our chariot, with unusual brilliance of intellect, pointed to the woods and made a noise that sounded like cyclamen, which awakened our interest, out we jumped and explored, and sure enough, the lower slopes where the shade was dense were carpeted with colonies of *Cyclamen europæum*, sending up its first leaves preparatory to flowering in July. The road up was fairly good in spite of its having been reported as very dangerous, probably to extort a higher fare from us. Above the woods we came upon meadows blazing with flower, *Geranium sylvestris*, *Phyteuma spicatum* and *Onobrychis*, the alpine sanfoin, which is a brighter pink than ours and makes a wonderful splash of colour mixed with the mauve geranium and white ox-eye daisies. In the grass of the meadows we found the leaves of *Colchicum autumnale* and collected a few of their bulbs. Higher up, though at surprisingly low altitude, we came on colonies of *Saxifraga aizoon* and *S. mutata*; the seed must have drifted down from the cliffs above and, finding congenial screes by the roadside, germinated like all good saxifrages do. I emphasise the word good for there are evil species of the same that will not germinate away from home despite all our blandishments.

We put up at Brizon in a clean little place they call the hotel, and sallied forth after lunch. Having only half a day left we aimed modestly for a wooded hollow about a thousand feet above us—expecting little, we got much. Half way up there was a walled-in meadow containing *Anemone alpina*, and it was just packed full of *Trollius europæus* all in flower—balls of clear fresh butter yellow, without that suspicion of green which spoils so many yellow flowers. *Trollius* is a common flower in the Alps, but never have I seen such profusion as that little meadow contained. The little sleepy hollow we were aiming at proved to be a fair-sized valley and we had got it just at the right moment, the snow had practically melted from it and soldanellas and crocuses were flowering right up to the edge of the snow drifts; *Gentiana verna*—the angulosa form—*Silene acaulis* and *Anemone alpina* were in full flower and, on the rocks, *Primula auricula*. I love this auricula of the mountains; I do not think any of its intermarried descendants of our gardens can touch it for breeding and beauty. Higher up, in the shaded crevices, were broad towzled mats of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, though we were too late for their blooms. I brought back with me from off a rock a little tuft of fibre and moss, scarce 6ins. across, on which were growing five auricula, three *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, several seedling silver saxifragas, soldanella, homogyne, and a grassy *phyteuma* (*P. hemisphericum*). I thought it was too representative to break up, so it now reposes in my garden in a pan with



NODDING BELLS OF *CAMPANULA BARBATA* ARE EARLY SEEN IN THE ALPINE MEADOWS.

some miniature boulders round it—it should remain a thing of beauty if we can keep the grasses in it small.

The morrow was to be our great hunting day; we were to go to the highest point and explore all the upper slopes. The morning looked threatening and the villagers shook their heads, but we refused to be disheartened and set off. We reached half way and it began to drizzle; we reached the top and it began to snow, and it snowed and it rained and it "fogged." My object was to collect a rare fern I knew grew there in quantity; of course, I did not find it. I found nothing in the least rare and very little that was interesting, and when I started to collect, my fingers got so wet and cold that I could not handle a trowel. As time was pressing and we were due in Chamonix, we had to leave next day.

Chamonix is a wonderful spot; we were the only Englishmen to arrive by that train, and at the station entrance we were assaulted by no fewer than thirty hotel porters in resplendent uniforms, jabbering at one like in an eastern bazaar. Next morning we went to Montenvers (about 6,500ft.) by the rack railway, in carriages pushed up by a fussy little engine. It certainly is awe-inspiring, and when, in the dead of night, one hears, echoing across the valley, the sharp crack of ice being twisted, it is positively uncanny. We found, when we got up there, that the late season made it rather hopeless to get the real high plants that we wanted as they were still under snow, so we had to content ourselves with lesser fry. Our first collecting trip was the ground in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, the rocks we were working over were all granitic and were prolific in lime-hating plants as well as those which are indifferent as to whether they get it or not. *Chrysanthemum alpinum* we found growing and flowering in abundance, also *Primula hirsuta*, some colonies of which were on open rock and some under rhododendrons. *Rhododendron ferrugineum* and *Loiseleuria procumbens*, like a wee azalea, were the prominent note of all the mountain side.

On the following day we made an expedition along the edge of the glacier down to its upper moraine. Before we had gone far we came across quantities of *Trifolium alpinum* mixed with *Geum montanum*. The latter has already won its position in our rock gardens, but the former is seldom attempted and one wonders why. It is, perhaps, a little difficult to establish, but once fixed, it sends down strong roots which ensure its safety, and it is a lovely thing, quite unlike one's idea of the coarse clovers; the flowers and flower heads are, for one thing, four times the size, and, for another, the plant shows mountain breeding. In the woods we found *Pyrola secunda* rambling among the rocks, there was nothing else of interest there except some colonies of the tiny twayblade, *Listera cordata*. Numbers of these ground orchises lack beauty with their insignificant little green flowers, yet there is a fascination about them that makes one want them. The moraine was quite worth the visit; we found no great rarity there, but many beautiful plants in flower, notably fat tufts of *Saxifraga aspera* and *S. bryoides*. A mat of them gives, at a distance, the idea of a mossy saxifrage that has



CHRYSANTHEMUM ALPINUM ON A SCREE.



TRIFOLIUM ALPINUM CLOSE UNDER A ROCK.

turned rich yellow and white. *S. aizoon* was in dark green clusters on the rocks, its dark colour being due, probably, to the lack of lime in the soil. *Linaria alpina* grew in masses all around—it is always a welcome little plant and seems to thrive in any sort of scree soil. On the next day I determined to cross the glacier and explore the opposite slopes of the valley. My companion did not want to come, so I hired a guide.

I must admit I approached that glacier with trepidation. I pictured myself being flung down into a green, bottomless crevasse and pickled for a thousand years. The reality was simple and easy going; our path was far from any of the big crevasses, and it was only a matter of walking up and down mounds of ice, in which one cut steps, if necessary. The opposite slope proved very interesting, one of the first things I came across was a sky-blue form of *Gentiana acaulis*—*G. Kochiana celestina*, from which we hope for great things—and farther up was a single plant of pure white *G. Kochiana*, the purest white of any *acaulis* form we have ever seen. *G. Kochiana* is the granitic form of *Gentianella* and has larger trumpets than other *acaulis* varieties. Higher up I found *Viola calcarata*, common in the Alps, but always beautiful and varying considerably in petals and colour—I had got possession of the slopes before the cattle and found the flowers unspoiled. In a clump of still dormant docks there was a good colony of *Gagea lutea* in flower. By now I had got to the edge of snow

A CLOSE MAT OF *SILENE ACAULIS*.

drifts, among our old friends the crocuses and soldanellas, and I was beginning to think I had exhausted the treasures of that particular spot when my guide, who had gone collecting on his own, gave a shout; I went to him and found him standing over a fine plant of *Anemone sulphurea*. I did not find many plants of this, and I left some big ones in seed for future generations. It is a thing that does not take kindly to transplanting if its roots are damaged; it is best planted out straight from a pot or grown from fresh seed, only the latter requires a few years of patience before one gets a respectable clump. After this my haversack was full, and I returned to the hotel. Next day, we had to make tracks for home, we walked down instead of taking the rack railway and were rewarded for our pains, the lower slopes below the pine belt giving us interesting plants, such as *Pyrola rotundifolia*, *Arnica montana* and *Campanula barbata*. The last two were perfect, flowering in proximity to each other, as we found them in several places; *Arnica* looks like a well bred sunflower on an 8 in. stalk, and the bearded campanula has all the colouring and beauty of the Canterbury bell without any of its stiffness of growth. It is truly a glory of the valleys. Farrer, if I remember rightly, was given to scoffing at lower slopes. I must disagree with him; to my mind they grow many things of great beauty and interest.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

BUNT IN WHEAT.

WHEAT crops are often spoilt by the presence of bunted ears. These are shorter than normal ears and lighter in colour, and have swollen grains, almost spherical in shape, which contain a mass of evil-smelling black powder, the medium effecting the spread of the disease. In the Holland division of Lincolnshire this disease has been prevalent this season. In one instance 75 per cent. of the crop on a twenty-acre field was worthless, and in another case 60 per cent. of the plants on a ten-acre field were infected. The chief varieties which have been attacked are Little Joss, Yeoman and Victor. The disease is disseminated principally during the threshing operations. The motion of the corn in the machine causes many infested grains to burst and shed their spores, which adhere to healthy grains. Should this corn be used for seed, these spores infect the young plants and in due course give rise to bunted ears.

Though the disease is common and has spread to a considerable extent during the last few years, it can be readily prevented. Of the substances available for the dressing of seed wheat, two, at any rate, are followed by most satisfactory results. These are copper sulphate (bluestone or vitriol) and formalin. Treatment with copper sulphate is the one usually adopted, but Mr. A. Amos, of the University of Cambridge, has shown that the formaldehyde treatment is more satisfactory. The latter is a more efficient spore killer and, when carefully used, is less likely to injure the germinating capacity of the dressed seed. At Cambridge University, where trials on steeping seed wheat in the two substances were carried out in 1921-22, the following results were obtained:

Untreated	100 per cent. germination.	59.9 per cent. bunted ears
Copper sulphate	93 " " "	6.6 " " "
Formaldehyde	100 " " "	.6 " " "

Since these results are so convincing, treatment with formaldehyde only will be discussed.

Formaldehyde, at a strength of 40 per cent., is sold commercially as formalin, and for purposes of dressing seed should be used at the rate of one pint to thirty gallons of water. This liquid is placed in a barrel which is capable of receiving a two-bushel basket. The wheat to be treated is put in the basket, which is then immersed in the solution. While in the solution the wheat is thoroughly stirred, ensuring the penetration of the formalin to every part of the sample and allowing all the bunted grains to come to the surface, where they float. The floating grains are skimmed off and burnt. When the seed in the basket is quite wetted the basket is lifted out and drained of excess liquid, and the grain tipped into a heap on a clean floor. When the whole of the seed has been steeped, the heap is turned to collect any solution which may be trickling out and then covered with sacks on which the disinfectant has been sprinkled. After four hours the seed is spread out to dry prior to drilling. Seed corn should be drilled as soon as possible after drying, but if circumstances prevent immediate drilling it should be left spread out and occasionally turned. The foregoing

method was employed at the Kirton Agricultural Institute this season, and in Little Joss only about 1 per cent. of bunted ears appeared, while in Yeoman there was less than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The results obtained by the use of formalin are more or less directly proportionate to the care with which the treatment is carried out. It is important to remember that liquid exposed to the air loses strength and is rendered completely ineffective by two days' exposure. Since it is often necessary to have wheat threshed by hired machines, farmers are advised to use this treatment on seed saved from their own crops,



BUNTED AND CLEAN EARS CONTRASTED.

even though the crops were perfectly healthy, for threshing drums are a most fruitful source of infection. Statistics and experience tend to show that consistent use and careful application of the formalin treatment would undoubtedly increase our annual wheat yield by some thousands of bushels.

HERBERT W. MILES.

SIR HARRY HOPE AND A PAYING AGRICULTURE.

No more practical contribution to the agricultural question has been made than is contained in Sir Harry Hope's article to the *Times* of October 22nd. It is entirely free of "hot air." The argument is one which would naturally come from a practical and hard-headed Scot who is at the same time one of the most important farmers in Great Britain. He does not discuss the merits

or demerits of protection, but points out that various foreign countries enjoy its advantages under another name. They "enforce such hampering disease restrictions on any export of potatoes from our shores that export is practically denied to us." We do not put into operation any corresponding regulations or safeguards, yet it is obvious that special regard ought to be given to this, because potatoes form the only agricultural crop which can be grown in sufficient quantity in England and Scotland to meet the home demand. One would think, therefore, that the Government would be called upon to see that, at least, there should be an end to the unfair competition which exists at present.

LARGER RAILWAY WAGONS.

A useful point made by Sir Harry is that the railway rates should be reduced, and he suggests a most practical method of doing so. The rates at present are, roughly, 50 per cent. higher than those before the war and they are for four-ton loads. His suggestion is that larger wagons should be supplied to take eight tons; that would enable the companies to make a substantial reduction in the rate per ton. He takes for illustration the fact that the rate for potatoes from Dunbar to London is at present 39s. 4d. per ton. It is calculated on the basis of the four-ton load, that is £7 17s. 4d. for the truck load. If, however, eight-ton wagons were introduced, then at 25s. a ton the railway would get £10 for the truck load to London. In America, Canada and Argentina the cost of transport has been economised by the adoption of larger wagon loads. The four-ton wagons used by the British railway companies should be obsolete. Their continued existence inflicts a serious burden on agriculture. Another proposition is that foreign produce, when landed at our ports, should not be carried by our railways at a lower rate than home produce, no matter how large the quantity that may be shipped.

In conclusion, Sir Harry insists that the three partners in the agricultural industry—the landowner, the farmer and the workman—have in these matters an interest that is identical. Each can only get out of the industry what the industry can afford.

THE DAIRY SHOW.

The Dairy Show, which opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tuesday, is the largest and most comprehensive that has been held since 1915. Its promoters may well congratulate themselves on a result so splendid. During the war it was seriously mooted that the exhibition should not be held. Wiser counsel prevailed, however. If the series had been interrupted, the revival would have been, very likely, a long and difficult process, while the present show affords gratifying proof of extended usefulness as well as financial prosperity. The entries number no fewer than 10,766, as compared

with 6,963 in 1915. This is in spite of the fact that inconvenience was felt owing to the outbreaks of foot and mouth disease and the restrictions that followed. It has become evident that the Agricultural Hall has not sufficient floor space to admit of much further extension, and a proposal has been under discussion as to whether it will not be necessary to obtain another building. Fortunately, a way has been found of securing more floor space in the Hall, so that the Show will not be separated. As it stands, the Show this year would be called an exhaustive exhibition were it not for the experience we have had of the immense progress made in all directions. At present dairying is the most profitable department of English farming, and is accordingly attracting a large share of both brains and capital. If we take the milking trials as an example, the number of cows submitted to this test is three times what it was a few years ago, and the yield has increased so largely as to give the dairymaid ten times as much milking as was necessary then. Moreover, this year the cows were milked three times a day, and it may easily be imagined how much additional convenience is required for that little change. The cows themselves are representative of every milking breed in the country. Some, such as the Ayrshires, have travelled in many cases from the middle of Scotland; others, such as the Blue Albions, are, in a double sense, on their trial, as they are practically new to the Dairy Show. All exhibits show an increase in the number of entries except the goats, and they would, presumably, have done so as well had they not been subjected to restriction connected with the cattle disease.

The home produce sections are extraordinarily well represented, and the products of our Colonies are also more freely shown than on any previous occasion. The general result cannot but be highly educative, especially as most of the railways have given very special facilities for visiting this collection of dairy animals and dairy machinery from every part of Great Britain.

AIDS TO SHOWING STOCK.

The movement of some of the breeding societies to prevent too elaborate a preparation of animals for show ought to be heartily supported. Of course, some of these methods are not meant to deceive anyone, such as polishing the horns of a cow or putting ribbons on a horse's tail or mane; they impart a little cheerfulness and gaiety to the show. There are, however, many illegitimate dodges in use in the way of perfecting a colour. The use of pigments to intensify or lighten colour belongs to a different class, and it is against this that steps are being taken. A show of pigs, sheep or cattle, after all, is a very practical matter, and judge and spectator alike should see the animal in its natural state and not after it has been faked up to increase what is called its typicality.

MR. RUSHBURY'S DRAWINGS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES

By CAMPBELL DODGSON.

MR. HENRY RUSHBURY has been known to collectors for the last ten years as one of the most gifted of the younger artists who follow in the tracks of Mr. Muirhead Bone. He is not quite thirty-four, was trained at Birmingham, and was much influenced as a lad by a group of artists connected with that city, some of whom now live in the Cotswolds. Several of Mr. Rushbury's early dry-points represent subjects in the neighbourhood of Stroud, but as early as 1912 or 1913 he had settled in London, and was

producing dry-points of London streets and churches, very much in the manner of Mr. Francis Dodd, who took a great interest in the young engraver. He had married and was living in Chelsea shortly before the war, but that great catastrophe interrupted his plans for the steady development of his art. He served at first as a private, and was afterwards a sergeant instructor at the R.A.F. school at Uxbridge. He still managed to produce a few plates, and in the latter years of the war he was employed by the Ministry of Information as an artist on the home



PONTE VECCHIO.



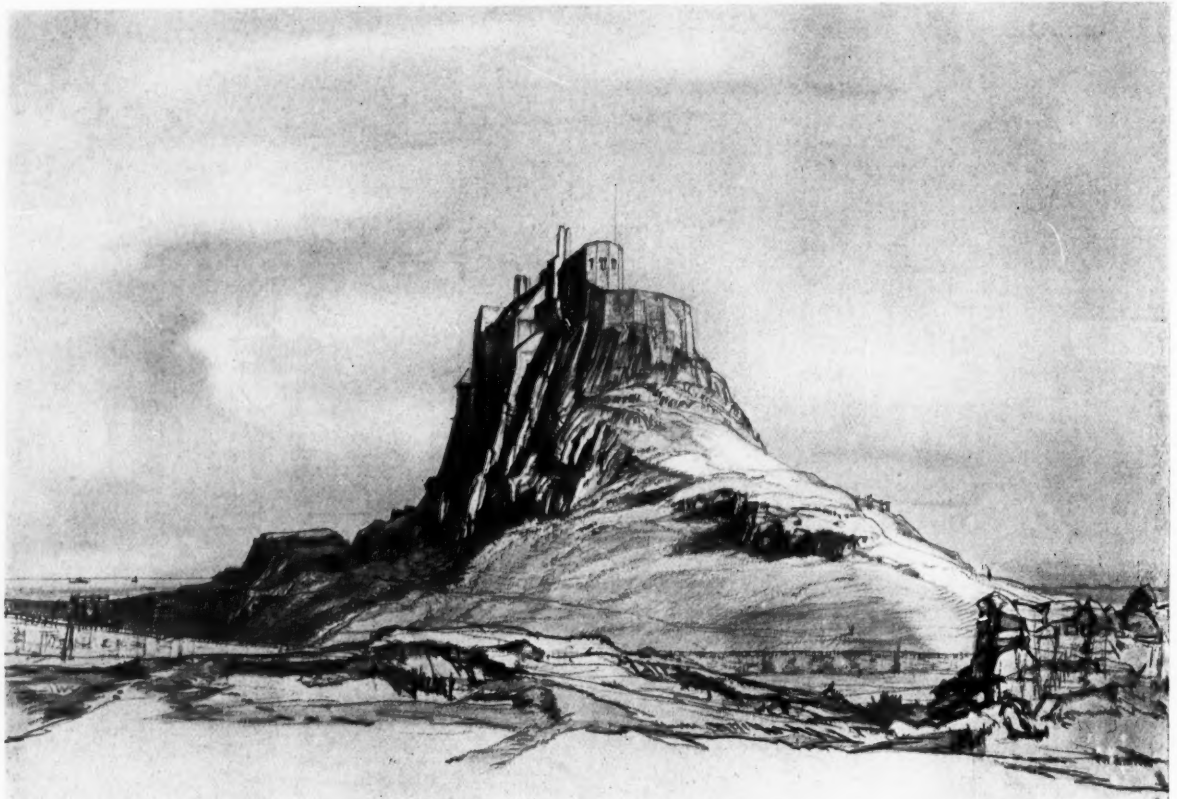
FRENCH HOUSES.

"front" to make records of the wartime aspects of some London buildings, such as Westminster Abbey, the British Museum and the temporary erection that occupied most of the garden in St. James's Square. These were drawings, and in making them his eye and hand were acquiring the training which has borne fruit in the much more accomplished and masterly studies of landscape and architecture which he has produced since all official

engagements and restrictions ceased and he became free to wander where he liked and draw what it pleased him to draw. He has made equally good progress in engraving, as an article on his prints that is being prepared for an early number of the *Print Collector's Quarterly* will show. His deliberate and painstaking finish is in contrast with the hasty methods of some modern etchers, but he never sacrifices a sense of design and a regard



PONTE MARIE.

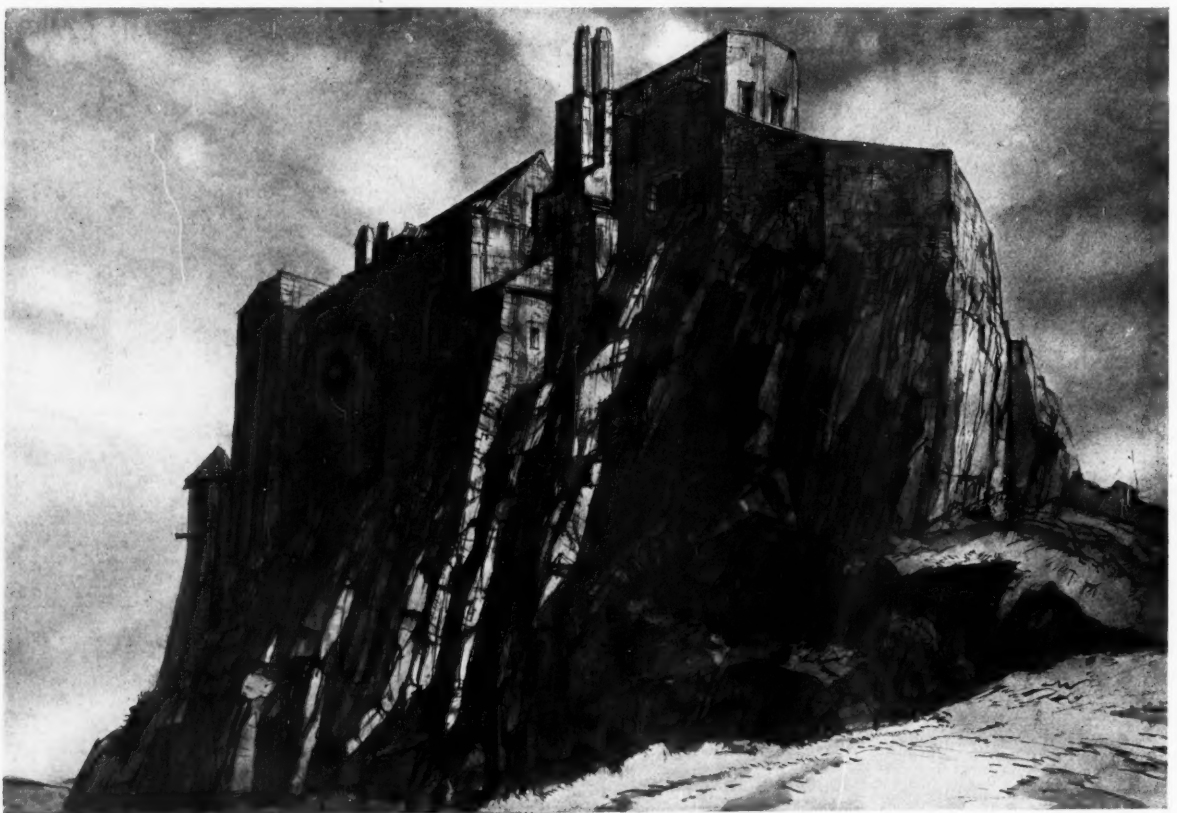


LINDISFARNE CASTLE.

for beauty to the mere accumulation of detail. He is represented by a number of rare proofs in the Print Room of the British Museum, and he has received official recognition by his election as an Associate of the Royal Water Colour Society and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers and Engravers.

The room allotted to his work at the Grosvenor Galleries contains the result of much travelling during the last two years, chiefly in Italy and France. There are sixty-eight drawings, and hardly one of them fails to be both interesting and beautiful. It is good, honest, conscientious work, with no scamping or hurry about it; the work of a cultivated and appreciative artist who

has loved the cities in which he has lingered—Florence, Rome, Assisi, Orvieto, San Gimignano, Paris and Rouen—and loved the task of setting down with pen, pencil or brush the details of what he has seen there, not concentrating his attention so exclusively on ancient buildings as to have no eye to spare for the people of to-day who live among them. He is almost as good as Mr. Muirhead Bone himself at skilfully putting in little figures in the streets that he draws, though he does not achieve very great success—again like the elder artist—when the figures, as in "L'Homme Fort" and "The British Academy at Rome," are the principal subject of the drawing. "Five Palaces, Florence," is a wonderful example of detailed drawing; no one else but



LINDISFARNE CASTLE FROM THE NORTH.

Hairhead Bone, with his astonishing skill in the use of the pencil, could have done it. Very fine, too, as a detailed study of architecture, is "Lothbury Court, Bank of England," one of a group of drawings in which Mr. Rushbury is associated with the other two artists already named in preparing records of the existing buildings within the walls of the Bank before the extensive alterations, which are planned, take place. A certain critic took this, at first sight, for a drawing of Spalato, a place which the average cultivated Englishman is much more likely to know than the interior of the bank.

In Rome, Mr. Rushbury has discovered several rather novel and unfamiliar points of view, such as the view of the Monument of Victor Emmanuel from the Tiber and that of "St. Peter's from Valle Giulia." "The Corso" and "Piazza del Popolo," more familiar subjects, are drawn in an original manner. Orvieto and Assisi are drawn in water colour with a warm but subdued and conventional range of tints; it is only in some of the French scenes that Mr. Rushbury indulges in patches of more vivid hues. A study of the Arno, as it flows through the city, "Badia and Bargello," and a detailed drawing of Sta Croce from a distance are among the best of the drawings of Florence, but "From the Porta Rossa" is still more original and striking. The two

pen drawings of San Gimignano, in which a medium is used which looks like bistre, and would probably be so described if found in the drawings of an old master, though it is really raw umber, stand apart from anything else, and are excellent in their way. All the drawings of Rouen are very good, and there are several finished studies of the *places*, bridges and quays of Paris, one of which, "La Passerelle," an exceedingly careful study of an intricate wooden structure, is perhaps the most astonishing performance of all, while the light on the water is observed and rendered with no less skill than the perspective of the temporary bridge.

The only English subjects in the exhibition, except the large drawing of Lothbury Court, is the series of delightful drawings of Holy Island and Lindisfarne Castle, a subject already well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Mr. Rushbury has drawn the castle and the rock on which it stands again and again, from all sides, and with a perfect appreciation of the structure, both of natural rock and of the human workmanship, whether of the sixteenth century or the twentieth, that blends so skilfully with the massive foundations. The present owner of the castle has been very wise to invite such a careful and competent artist as Mr. Rushbury to make records of its topography.

THE SPORTSMAN'S COOKERY BOOK

BY MAJOR HUGH B. C. POLLARD.

By arrangement with Major Pollard this is the first of a number of chapters we are publishing from his contemplated book.

ALTHOUGH a limited number of ladies shoot regularly and a rather greater number shoot occasionally, when the exigencies of the larder demand it, we run no great risk in stating that, so far as nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand are concerned, their interest centres on the pot rather than the potting, and that they appreciate game in proportion to its table value rather than to its sporting attributes.

Our sporting ancestors were, perhaps, a little more frank about the eschatological value of game than were the elegant Edwardians, and I truly believe that the works of Colonel Peter Hawker, and even Izaak Walton, would lose much of their savour if they did not include a liberal sprinkling of recipes among their matter. Good cooking is one of the fine arts, and shares with its sister arts the usual measure of national neglect; still, even despite this, it is not so cold-shouldered as music or painting, and any day you will find more folk in our best restaurants than you will in our concert halls. British domestic cookery may be wholesome, but it is undeniably plain and, above all things, suspicious of novelty, not only in method but in raw material, with the result that the fortunate sportsman who brings a strange bird or beast or fish not chronicled in the domestic cookery book to the larder is sadly put to it to say how it should be dressed. The duplicity with which some cooks veil ignorance is astounding. They will frequently allege that the unfamiliar game "turned" so that it had to be flung away; or they will state that it is uneatable, and, with little effort, so bedevil it that when brought to the table it is so. The truth of the matter is that a sportsman should not be content with a good gun and a good dog, but also needs an intelligent and willing cook who can bring game to the table in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the art.

The average ordinary cookery book is barbarously incomplete concerning game—grouse, pheasant, partridge, hare, rabbit and, perhaps, wild duck get a scant bad recipe apiece; while as for coarse fresh-water fish, you will not find them mentioned. The reason for this is, I fancy, that the dreary but capable women who compose these volumes deal with town shopping centres and town housewives rather than with countryside; they might with justice reply that zoology is none of their business and that it is ridiculous to expect the latest paraphrase of Mrs. Beeton to begin with "Avocet" and end with "Zebra"; but it is not this that I object to so much as sheer ignorance of the alternatives to roasting pheasants and partridges. American cookery books are even worse than English ones, although good and worthy game dishes are to be found in the more cultured southern areas of that land; still, it is not kindly to rub salt into open wounds, and how an American cook jugs a hare or makes a wild duck sauce in a port-wineless country must remain an unsolved criminal mystery.

It is, perhaps, a good thing for our sport that the alliance between the hunter and the cook dates back to the days when the twain were one.

It is evident that the utility of game for the pot will long preserve shooting as a sport even when the military use of firearms has become as obsolete as the crossbow, and rival armies fling gas waves instead of bearing arms. But I am not content that good game should be brought to the pot "just anyhow," and insist upon my point that a sportsman should at least know the rudiments of its cookery or, anyway, be able to turn up some authority and give precise directions to his minions. The

order in which these recipes should be set down certainly perplexes me, for neither setting them out alphabetically nor by season in the sequence of their "coming in" seems entirely satisfactory; so I have abandoned order, to group them roughly in the order of disorder as fancy flits or recollection writes.

First, let me make it clear that all these recipes are pillaged from various sources. I have long had a gluttonous penchant for cookery books, and have, further, kept a small but sacred card index system devoted to game cookery and kindred recipes. Into this has gone a variety of notes, and most, if not all, of them have been put to the supreme test of the table. I have even cooked and eaten portions of flamingo, but this was a grisly interlude due to necessity; my canoes had upset in the depths of a Mexican swamp, and this was all that was available for dinner. Recipes, too, are hard to get. You may meet a man who states that with skilful handling a cormorant becomes as delectable as ortolan; you pin him in a corner and endeavour to get precise directions. How long do you hang it? Do you skin it or pluck it? Should it be stuffed? What sauce? What proportion of this to that? Alas! the man, perhaps a veritable precisian in other matters, becomes vague, inaccurate and forgetful; no real recipe results, and one gathers but a handful of doubtful material for dubious experiment.

What I like is a clear detailed recipe, correct to the last clove and the last blade of mace, and meticulous in point of time. With this you can go to the cook with a clear conscience and an air of deep wisdom; you are quite safe, for it leaves her no points on which to ask questions.

One has to be careful with cooks, or they send you to consult the expensive oracles that sit in registry offices. I think that it is quite safe to be authoritative on the subjects of fowl and fish, but one must never strive to penetrate other mysteries. Further, it may be granted to talented men to cook one dish or course and its sauce to perfection, but the cook, however bad, knows that even the most talented amateur would go to pieces over the attempt to serve five courses all properly timed and perfectly done. If any of the more startling recipes which follow are desired, then I counsel you to approach the cook with the insinuating and flattering respect which the cat shows to the milkman.

PARTRIDGES.

Let us begin with the plump and delicate partridge, your true British birds (*Perdix cinerea*), not your coarse, red-legged French infantry. Above all, the birds must be young. Sometimes it happens that an unbroken sequence of roast partridge and cold partridge gets on the nerves and people repeat the old saw, "Toujours Perdrix!" That this, the expression that a cynical Frenchman applied as an explanation of his discreditable escapes from the sameness of connubial bliss, should be applied to the British dinner-table is quite understandable. If you only know one way of cooking it, game—day in, day out—all through the autumn becomes intolerable.

First, best and commonest is:

(1) *Roast Partridge*.—The birds should be roasted in front of the fire for twenty-five to thirty minutes and liberally basted with butter. The roasting should not be carried to the point of drying the birds, and they should be served with bread sauce, fried, straw or disc potatoes and gravy.

(2) *Baked Partridge Espagnole*.—Suitable for gas-oven cookery. Into each bird put a Gorgona anchovy. Line a baking tin with slices of fat bacon and a layer of sliced tomatoes, a trace of onion and sprigs

of parsley. Bake for thirty minutes, basting liberally with butter and the run bacon fat. Separate the fat from the gravy, colour the latter and add half a cupful of good stock. Boil up, pour over the birds and serve.

(3) *Grilled Partridge*.—Either this or the following recipe are excellent for dealing with birds which have not been hung long enough and are too fresh. Split each bird down the back, open, wipe the inside and press flat; keep the birds flat by passing long skewers through from side to side. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and rub over with olive oil; polish the grid-iron with bacon fat, and grill over a quick fire to begin with, finishing more slowly. Twenty minutes should be enough. Serve with Remoulade sauce.

(4) *Planked Partridge*.—Plank cookery is almost unknown in this country, but it is an ideal method of cooking both fish and fowl of delicate savour. Further, it is extremely well adapted to the use of the modern gas oven or the new American oil cooking ranges, now in favour in many small country houses. Its peculiarity is that it restores to foods that valuable and delightful flavour which food of all kinds cooked on an open wood fire acquires from the fuel used.

The requisites are no trouble or expense to procure, for a plank simply consists of a piece of seasoned oak board, one and a half or two inches thick. This should be trimmed oval or round-cornered to fit a largish dish, and it is advisable to be careful that it is not too big to fit comfortably in the gas oven. Having got your plank, rub it all over with olive oil and put it in a hot oven till it is slightly browned, season it again with olive oil a second and third time, and it is fit to use. Note well that a cooking plank is never to be washed. To clean it, simply scrape and rub with paper; it should be kept in a paper bag when not in use. Now, the more you cook on a plank the better it gets, and in an American kitchen a trusty, well seasoned roasting plank is treasured.

Food is served on the plank, which keeps hot for longer than any earthenware ever made. White fish or anything which tends to curl is simply attached to the plank with an odd tin-tack or so. Failing oak, planks may be made of beechwood, cherrywood or hickory, each wood imparting a different flavour of its own to the viands cooked on it.

To plank a partridge, split it down the back as for grilling, rub with oil and beat it flat. Heat the plank in the oven, and when hot place the bird on it, securing it with tacks if it is necessary. Cook in the lower part of a sharp oven for twenty minutes. Baste occasionally with oiled butter. Garnish with fried potatoes set on the plank and serve.

A plank can also be used instead of a grill before an open coal fire or under the "broiler" of a gas range. Steaks cooked thus are excellent and are a speciality of certain restaurants. The steak should be part broiled on both sides on the plank, then the mashed potatoes spread around it and cooked on the same plank while the steak is finishing its education.

Cold, roast, baked, grilled, broiled or planked partridge should be sprinkled with salt and cayenne and eaten for breakfast.

(5) *Perdreux au Choux*.—The old partridge occurs plentifully both in nature and in gift game; as the essential of the foregoing recipes depends on the birds being young, juicy and tender, it follows that old birds should be reserved for a different process.

Cook will probably suggest what she calls a *salmi*, that is to say, a bad stew with a thick sauce. I shall refer to a proper *salmi* later.

There is one supreme method of dealing with old birds—or, for the matter of that, younger ones if you are tired of the eternal roast. It is so good that I have even converted British farmers to a gluttonous appreciation of its beauties, but I was, of course, careful to conceal from them the damning fact that the recipe is French in origin. The name, too, is important: *Perdreux*, not *Perdrix*, for the latter infers young birds, although restaurant feeders are frequently deceived in this matter.

Take a brace of partridges and truss them as a boiled, not a roast, fowl is trussed, that is to say, with the legs tucked in. Inside each put an onion and over their breasts a slice of fat bacon. Now take a roomy casserole, or, failing that, a stewpan, and place in it two sliced carrots, two large onions sliced in discs, three rashers of bacon chopped into squares, a sprinkling of herbs, pepper and salt.

Next, take a cabbage which looks far larger than you will need, boil it shortly, cut it into quarters, break up one of these sections to make a bed or layer over the other ingredients at the bottom of the casserole, and place on it your birds, pressing the remainder of the cabbage into place around them. Pour in sufficient good stock, in which the birds' giblets and scraps have been boiled, to cover the birds. Bring it to the boil, then let it simmer for an hour and a half or more. Serve either in the casserole or pour off the gravy into a sauce-boat, and serve the birds with the cabbage around them.

The technique of the above recipe can be varied in many small ways; for instance, some prefer to cook the birds and the cabbage without parboiling the latter first; others add one or two slices of Salami sausage or a touch of garlic; while some Continental recipes prefer a cabbage which is vinegared and spiced almost to the stage of *Sauerkraut*. These are but variants of the main theme, the exquisite transference of flavours from the partridge to the cabbage and the enrichment of the partridge by the other flavours.

Old pheasants, pigeons and other birds may also be cooked in this manner, with results almost as satisfactory as those which attend on the utilisation of partridges.

(6) *Salmi of Partridge*.—Perhaps more culinary sins are committed under the name of *salmi* than under any other pretext. In the first place, a true *salmi* is not a warmed-up hash of what is left of the roast; in the second, red wine alone is permissible, and Mrs. Beeton, who is not infallible, commits mortal sin by advising "sherry or madeira," and has been copied by other writers of deficient palate.

Truss the birds as for roasting and cut a quarter of a pound of thick slices of streaky bacon into inch squares. Put these with an ounce of butter in a saucepan and fry till they begin to turn colour. Now dip in your birds and fry and turn them for ten minutes, then take them out and allow them to cool. With a sharp knife carve off the wings, legs and breast, and skin and trim them. Chop up the carcasses and return them and the trimmings to the stewpan, to which

you add a couple of chopped shallots, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a slice of ham, with as much stock flavoured with giblets as will cover the whole, and simmer for a couple of hours. Take this stew, strain and cool it, removing all fat, add a glass of claret, and place in the cleared stew the breasts, limbs, etc., of partridge, and again warm gradually to simmering point.

In a separate small saucepan melt a piece of butter and add flour to it, then pour in a little of the gravy and the juice of half a lemon. Stir this well and turn the whole into the *salmi*, which then thickens to the right consistency. Pile the portions of the bird in the centre of the dish and pour the sauce over them. Serve with sippets of dry toast.

(7) *Partridge Pie*.—Truss the birds as for boiling and cut the legs off at the first joint, cut each bird in half and fry lightly in butter. Then place them in a pie-dish lined with alternate slices of veal and bacon. Add half a pint of small mushrooms, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper and spice. Cover the birds with a layer of bacon and veal slices, and pour over the whole half a pint of stock or onion sauce. Cover with paste in the usual manner, and bake for three quarters of an hour to an hour according to the size of the dish. If made with a good stock it will jelly, and is, of course, better eaten cold.

(8) *Partridge Pudding*.—This is made like a pigeon and beef steak pudding, but the beef is cut especially thin and slices of hard-boiled egg are included. I am inclined to think that veal would be far better, particularly if combined with mushrooms in the body of the pudding. A very little old black treacle added to the suet crust mixture will give it the celebrated "Cheshire Cheese" pudding colour and flavour.

(9) *Partridge Soufflé*.—Take eight ounces of cooked partridge flesh free from skin, bone and sinew, bray it in a mortar and add two ounces of brown breadcrumbs. Take one ounce of white breadcrumbs and soak in tepid milk for an hour. Squeeze it dry and set it in a hot pan with a teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt, stir it all up till thoroughly amalgamated and let it cool. Mix this with the meat and the breadcrumbs, and then work in the yolk of three eggs and half a gill of stock. Work the whole through a fine sieve and place it in a buttered mould, cover with grease-paper and set the mould in a deep saucepan of boiling water, and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with madeira sauce or, alternatively, truffle sauce.

(10) *Boiled Partridge (Soubise)*.—This sacrilegious dish is not so bad as it sounds and possesses the merit of simplicity. The victim should be served covered with onion sauce, just the same as a rabbit.

There are a variety of other ways of doing partridges, but in the main they depend upon powerful sauces or additional delicate distractions such as *pâté de foie gras* and truffles. The basis of most of them is braised partridge with madeira sauce.

In conclusion, it is well to remember that the higher or "gamier" the bird is the longer cooking it can endure, and that the delicate and special flavour of our English partridge is all too easily masked by the addition of strong-flavoured extraneous matters. These more specialised French recipes can be applied to the less tasteful French partridge or to game killed early during a specially hot season when it is not possible to hang birds. They are also excellent methods for dealing with the odd varieties of partridge which occur in India and abroad.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH EXPLORER.

DR. WILLIAM SPIERS BRUCE, who died in 1921 at the age of fifty-three, was the son of an Edinburgh doctor practising in London. He studied natural history and medicine at Edinburgh, but before the completion of his course he seized an opportunity of joining the whaler *Balaena* in a voyage to the Antarctic. This cruise in 1892 was the small beginning of the great whaling industry which has grown up in the South Atlantic, and it confirmed Bruce in his taste for Polar exploration. In 1896-97 he was with the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition in Franz Josef Land, and in the following years he visited Kolguev, Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen. All this time he had been planning to take a scientific expedition to the Weddell Sea, and in 1902 the scheme became practicable, mainly owing to the generosity of the Coats family. The Scottish National Antarctic Expedition sailed in the *Scotia*, one of the fastest and strongest boats ever built for Polar work. The discovery of Coats Land in Lat. 74° S. was the most important change in the map of Antarctica since Ross discovered Victoria Land in 1841. A long series of soundings was made in the South Atlantic and Weddell Sea, and a number of deep sea trawls added to the valuable results of the expedition. In 1910 he announced plans for another Antarctic expedition, and he was the first to suggest a crossing of the Antarctic continent, a project on which Sir Ernest Shackleton embarked later. Funds, however, were not forthcoming, and Bruce never went south again. Between 1909 and 1920 he paid seven visits to Spitzbergen, a country on which he became the recognised authority, and he was a strong advocate of Great Britain taking possession of the islands. His interest in Spitzbergen lay not only in the great mineral wealth, which he was one of the first to appreciate, but in the animal life as well; he feared that the reindeer and the fox would soon follow the walrus into extinction. Not the least of his achievements was that he first proposed the idea of the Scottish Zoological Park, which is now one of the most attractive gardens in Europe. Few Polar explorers have had a wider experience or have done more valuable scientific work than Bruce, but there are very many whose names are better known to the world. He hated publicity and applause; popular lecturing and advertisement were impossible to him. As Shackleton put it: "You don't do enough window-dressing, Bruce!" His almost fanatical national feeling also rather hindered than helped him. When his Scottish resources threatened to run dry, he was unwilling to make an appeal for funds in the English Press. Mr. Rudmose Brown has done well to write this record (*A Naturalist at the Poles*, See'ey, Service, 25s.) of the life and voyages of his leader and friend.

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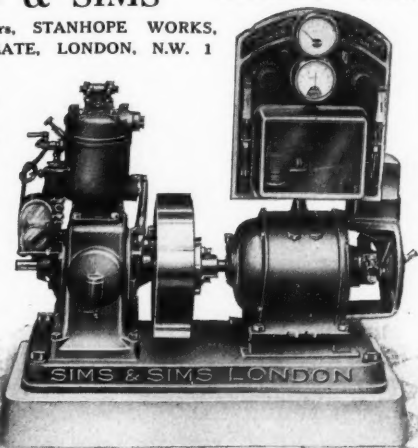
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CORRESPONDENCE

THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to comment upon some of the points raised by "P. R. M." in your issue for October 13th. I do not agree with him that it is desirable that Lord Grey's Bill should fix the close season at from March 1st to July 31st. I have constantly seen mallard scarcely able to fly at all during August, and more than half of the August shooting is simply flapper shooting, a most discreditable practice. The wildfowlers that I know (on the East Coast) have often said to me that they would welcome the extension of the close season, because of the depredations of Cockney "sportsmen" in holiday time and the immaturity of the birds killed. And the extension would, among other good things, put an end to the shooting of sheld-duck on the rivers while in charge of their broods, also by the Cockney "sportsman," whom the professional wildfowler loathes, not merely because he is injurious to his living, but because (and many wildfowlers have expressed this opinion to me) of his inhumanity. "P. R. M." then objects to the prohibition of decoys, because a tame wood-pigeon is more effective than a stuffed one. One cannot argue upon this objection, because it is simply a matter of feeling. I imagine that most people dislike the use of live birds as decoys for the same reason that they dislike to see animals knocked about. English people are more sensitive about such things than they used to be in the good old bear-baiting days. Then as to the prohibition of Sunday shooting, which "P. R. M." regards as absurd and wrong. If owners and occupiers in general had a sound knowledge of the economic status of birds in relation to crops, they might be exempted not only from the Sunday restrictions, but any others. They would then know for themselves on which side their bread was buttered. In the present stage of their science, it is a lucky thing for them to be prevented in their own interests from shooting birds on one day of the week. "P. R. M." also says that the Sunday rule would be hard on "the week-end wildfowler." The professional wildfowler is emphatically not a week-ender; his business is with the birds during flying times on all days of the week, except Sunday, which is pre-eminently the day for the irresponsible "fool with a gun," whose work is only too familiar to students of bird life. Lastly, "P. R. M." seems to regard the economic value of the lapwing as exaggerated. His is

the only print I have ever seen which does. "In the interests of agriculture," says the Board of Agriculture, "the destruction of the lapwing should be energetically discouraged." Examination of stomachs has, moreover, proved that the bird devours harmful insects and larvæ (including the liver-fluke) greatly in excess of the carnivorous insects, while it does no damage to crops whatever. It is, in fact, as Mr. Coward says, the most useful bird we have.—H. J. MASSINGHAM.

NUMBER OF BIRDS KILLED AT LIGHT-HOUSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Very few people seem to realise the large number of birds killed at lighthouses should the weather during the autumn migration be foggy. In England, the largest number taken at the Cromer lighthouse in one night was 724 skylarks and starlings, but this has been exceeded many times at other lighthouses and particularly lightships, the keepers not troubling to count the dead bodies. This is shown by the experiences of Herr Friedricke, once keeper of the Heligoland light. Here (so he told a well known English ornithologist recently dead), in his early days, when the glasses were in large flat panes, 3,400 skylarks were taken in a single night, and upon another night over 2,100. On the floor at the basement of the lighthouse, so he told this gentleman, "were once lying five hundred woodcocks, counted and set out in rows."—H. W. ROBINSON.

"THE STAG JUMPED OVER THE CAR."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very interested to see your correspondent's account, in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for October 6th, of the stag leaping a motor car during a recent run of the Devon and Somerset. The car happened to be mine—a Standard four seater—but the sketch of the incident hardly gives a right idea of the stag's jump, since it appears that he is jumping off the bank, in which case it would not have been the wonderful leap it truly was. My daughter had just got out of the car (which, by the way, was empty when the stag cleared it) and saw the deer, on the other side of the hedge, turn and run back towards her and then take a flying leap through the thick beech hedge over the top of the car; he appeared to make an extra effort on seeing the roof beneath him and just touched the far side of it with his "slot" (fortunately on one of the wooden stays), which helped him over into the road. It was lucky that he chose that particular spot, as the cars on either side were both open and full of people; had he jumped either of them it might have been awkward for the occupants! The jump was the more wonderful since it was taken without any run at it, for the stag having turned back was running under the hedge, which he took at a right angle.—B. M. RECKITT.

FROM CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* of the visit to England this week of that venerable and scholarly statesman, President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia, your readers may be interested to see this impression of his palace in Prague (together with the cathedral) photographed from the balcony of the Belvedere, which is an imposing villa in the Italian Renaissance style erected in 1536-52 for Ferdinand I. If the ghosts of past Habsburgs haunt

this scene, they must indeed feel that Europe is not what it once was for Royalty. Here, in the vast palace, formerly the home of Emperors, there lives a democratic President who was born the son of a coachman on one of the Royal estates. Such are time's revenges.—WARD MUIR.

JACKY FISHER'S GRANDSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if you would care to have this photograph of Jacky Fisher's grandson



JOHN.

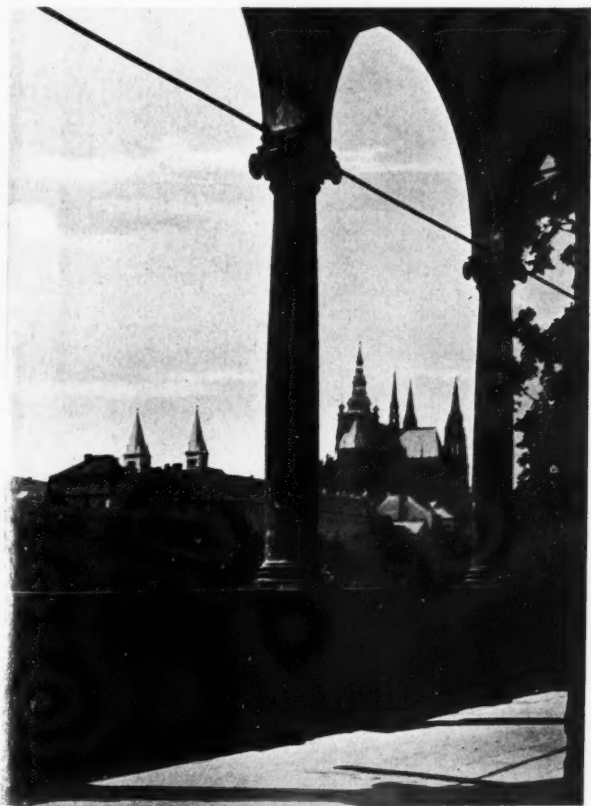
for reproduction. I believe lots of people would be interested in tracing some resemblance to the old Admiral. The photograph was taken at Overstrand by Lady Fisher on John's second birthday.—FISHER.

THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Replying to your correspondent's letter of October 20th, I send you the legend of the willow pattern plate. Once upon a time, there dwelt in the Willow Castle a Chinese Mandarin, who wished to repair his fallen fortunes by uniting his only daughter in marriage with a wealthy neighbour. But a younger lover, of humble rank, had already won the lady's heart, so, taking advantage of a lengthy discussion between their elders one evening, the young couple fled together under the shadow of the willow trees, to the water's edge, where a boat was ready to take them to their new home—the tiny house on the island. They were closely followed over the little bridge by the mandarin and his wealthy neighbour (who makes the fourth figure seen in some willow pattern plates). Fearing the revenge of these high powers, the lovers decided to invoke the aid of a magic apple, plucked from the "tree with many apples on," as they fled through the castle grounds. Who truly wishes for another's good as he eats of this fruit, will obtain his desire. The young lovers' wish, to be changed into a pair of birds, that they might love and live for each other, was instantly granted, and, soaring high above the heads of their angry pursuers, they quickly reached their island home where, among the many beautiful trees, they lived happily ever after.—F. E. F.

[Next week we hope to publish some of the versions of the Willow Pattern rhyme which have been received from various correspondents. They are, from every point of view, most interesting, and will be of great value to folklorists.—ED.]



THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MASARYK

NEW ZEALAND KINGFISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. H. Milroy, in his letter upon the kingfisher's nest, does not mention the interesting fact that Australian and New Zealand kingfishers are extremely good vermin killers. When the stacks of hay were being moved in New Zealand, we children always went in for ratting and mousing. The mice were generally in the ascendancy. We brought out all the cats, and had the poultry collected, and several kingfishers would always appear on the scene. They would sit on the fence or a tree bough, utterly unafraid, and as the last layers of hay were lifted would dart in and catch a mouse. It was a funny scene. The hens were extremely good mousers, and the mix up was tremendous. The kingfishers and hens all treated the mice they caught in the same way, beating them almost to a pulp and then swallowing them entire. At other times the kingfishers would watch for hours and then dart down when a mouse appeared and carry it up to beat it to death.—H. T. C.

FISHING IN CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Chinese fisherman casting his net may interest your readers. In the turbulent rivers of far Western



A CHINESE FISHERMAN.

China not much fishing is carried on, and that only by rod and line, though there are plenty of big fish. But in the many beautiful lakes netting by hand is much practised. A circular net is used, and it is thrown much as the retarius cast his net in the Roman arena.—F. KINGDON WARD.

FISHING CUSTOMS OF THE ARAWAK INDIANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There he stands, a splendid figure of a man, thick-set in build, clear-cut features, skin a rich bronze colour, and with flowing black hair. He seldom smiles; when he does, it is like the glint of sun on rock. You cannot read the history of South America without the Indians. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the Arawak Indian was to be found all over the vast South American forests. To-day his numbers are dwindling, however; but he is by no means extinct, and some of his customs and modes of living are remarkable, particularly his ingenious method of fishing. These Indians take their fish by implements which may be denominated the "spring hook" and the "spring basket." The former consists of a strong flexible rod or pole, stuck in the ground under the water, to the upper end of which are attached two lines of unequal lengths, the shorter having fastened to it a small stick roins. long, and the other the same but fixed lower, while at the extremity of this line is hooked a small fish by the fins, in such a manner as to be able to swim to and fro and serve as a bait for the larger species. Two long sticks are next placed in the ground, so as to appear above the water, and a third stick is laid across, forming them into a gallows; above this gallows is bent and fixed the flexible

rod by means of the double line, and the sticks fixed thereon as mentioned above, but in such a manner that at the least pull of the bait the apparatus gives way, the flexible rod immediately assuming an upright position, and the fish that occasioned it, by taking the bait, is at once suspended above the water. The "spring basket" is of similar construction, the basket being made of waremboreeds in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the small end of which the flexible rod is fastened, while at the other end is an open trap door, the whole being supported in a proper position by a forked stick. No sooner has a large fish entered the basket and taken the bait than the elastic rod, as in the former case, erects itself with a spring, the trap door closes, and the fish is thus secured. In this mode of angling there is, of course, no occasion to watch the line. The "spring hook" and "spring basket," if set at night, may be conveniently examined the next morning, and will seldom be found empty.—FINS.

NASTURTIIUMS AND AMERICAN BLIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The statement appearing in your Correspondence columns as to American blight being cured or prevented by the planting of nasturtiums up apple trees will be of great interest to many of your readers, and some further confirmation of the same would be acceptable, especially as no theory is put forward as to the reason. It may be asked, if there is something of an antipathetic nature in the nasturtium, how does it act? The aphides will probably have already ascended the tree before any nasturtiums can be planted. Do the latter have any effect on the existing insects or only on those which might have otherwise ascended the tree trunk? If the peculiar principle common to the nasturtium has effect on the aphides, then, possibly, some decoction distilled from the plant might form the basis for an effectual wash. One might, for instance, boil the seeds and use the water, applying it either as a spray or with a stiff brush locally. Anyhow, such a simple remedy ought to obtain ample publicity, and I shall look forward to seeing an answer to the points I have raised.—S. O'DWYER.

FOX CUBS IN CAPTIVITY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have lately published some very engaging pictures of fox cubs, and so I hope this indoor portrait of four full-grown fox cubs may interest your readers. The cubs are four of a brood of six that have been reared this season. Only one reconciles itself to captivity, and even this is not to be trusted. The others think nothing of dashing at the open door when one enters, frequently jumping over the visitor's head, apparently without effort. Their beauty is remarkable: their bitterest enemies willingly admit that it is "a shame to treat 'em as we do, but what will yeh?" And "We mun live, man, we mun live!" This photograph was made possible by the great stillness with which the foxes regard the visitor. Until they are approached, they sit perfectly still, never for one instant taking their eyes off the visitor's.—RUFUS H. MALLINSON.



THE FOUR LITTLE FOXES THAT LIVED IN A HOUSE

ON A WYOMING RANCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you what I hope you may think a happy little snapshot of a mare and her foal. They are among a bunch of thoroughbreds



AN AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED MARE AND HER FOAL.

belonging to Mr. W. R. Coe of New York, one of America's best known racehorse owners. These have lately been shipped from Mr. Coe's ranches in Wyoming to New York.—D. L. ROBINS.

THE RESTORATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DUXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Adverting to your issue of December 23rd, 1922, in which was contained an illustrated article by Mr. H. Avray Tipping on St. John's Church, it will, I trust, be interesting to you to know that on Wednesday last, September 12th, a very successful fête was held in the Rectory Grounds here for the St. John's Church, Duxford, Restoration Fund, which realised for the fund the substantial sum of £130. In the spring of this year a sale was held which realised £18. Donations have been received to the amount of £29. The amount subscribed through the inhabitants of the village within a few months speaks forcibly for the interest which they have in the object of seeing their beautiful old church sufficiently restored and preserved from decay. The village is a poor one and the means required cannot be found from within. But as the village has shown up well, we are well assured that they will find the balance necessary if £500 can be subscribed in the meantime from outside. An account is open at Barclay's Bank, Cambridge, for this fund, into which donations may be paid direct, or they may be sent to any of the trustees of the fund: Rev. B. F. Browning, Duxford Rectory, Cambridge; Mr. H. Angell, Temple Farm, Duxford; Mr. S. Spreckley, Cambridge Road, Duxford; or Mr. Jonas Halls, The Post Office, Duxford. We shall all be very grateful if you can find space to insert this letter in COUNTRY LIFE.—BRYAN F. BROWNING, Duxford Rectory, Cambridge.

Palace of Arts, British Empire Exhibition, 1924

COMPETITION FOR DESIGNS OF

(A) A DINING-ROOM AND HALL

(B) A BEDROOM

REPRESENTING THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ARTS OF DECORATION AND FURNISHING

I.—AIMS OF THE COMPETITION.

The Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE have pleasure in announcing that they have accepted the invitation of the Management of the British Empire Exhibition, 1924, to organise a competition for designs in accordance with which (a) a Dining-room and Hall and (b) a Bedroom in the Palace of Arts at the British Empire Exhibition, 1924, will be constructed, decorated and furnished in order to represent the domestic arts of to-day. These rooms will be associated with a series of historical rooms and will illustrate in an important way how the applied arts are developing in the United Kingdom. Taking a prominent place in the Palace of Arts side by side with superb examples of the fine arts of the last 170 years, whether pictures, engravings, sculpture or ecclesiastical art of all kinds (and these from all parts of the Empire), the decorated rooms will be amongst the most attractive features of the Exhibition.

II.—JURY OF AWARD.

The designs submitted in the competition will be adjudged by a Jury of Award consisting of:

Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.
Miss Ellen G. Woolrich
Sir Lawrence Weaver
Mr. P. Morley Horder
Mr. Norman Wilkinson.

III.—PRIZES AND SCOPE OF THE COMPETITION.

The following prizes will be given by the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE.

For a design showing the Dining-room and Hall:

First prize 125 guineas.
Second prize 50 guineas.
Third prize 25 guineas.

For the best model sent in with any design in this section 20 guineas.

For a design showing the Bedroom:

First prize 100 guineas.
Second prize 40 guineas.
Third prize 20 guineas.

For the best model sent in with any design in this section 20 guineas.

Designs are invited from individual artists or groups of artists of either sex, who must be British born or of British parentage, and they may compete in either section of the competition, or in both. The treatment adopted should be suitable for rooms in a house of dignity but moderate size, and the Jury

of Award will have regard to the skill shown by competing designers in achieving results of beauty and distinction without anything like extravagance in expenditure.

IV.—DESCRIPTION OF ROOMS.

A dimensioned plan showing the size and disposition of the rooms is printed below. The ceiling levels may be fixed by competitors at any height not exceeding 14ft. as shown on the accompanying section. The windows in the west walls of the rooms should be included in competitors' schemes, and will be built in accordance with the first prize designs. Having regard to the immense value of the works of art to be loaned for the Palace of Arts, it has been decided not to install artificial lighting. Competitors will be wise, therefore, to provide for adequate window openings. They should include electric light fittings as part of their schemes.

No window openings exist in the wall now being built: competitors, therefore, have a free hand and may, if they so desire, set the west walls of their rooms inside the limits shown on the plan, so that bay windows may be used, provided that the area of the rooms is not thereby reduced materially. No part of the windows may project beyond the western limit of the rooms as shown by the plan.

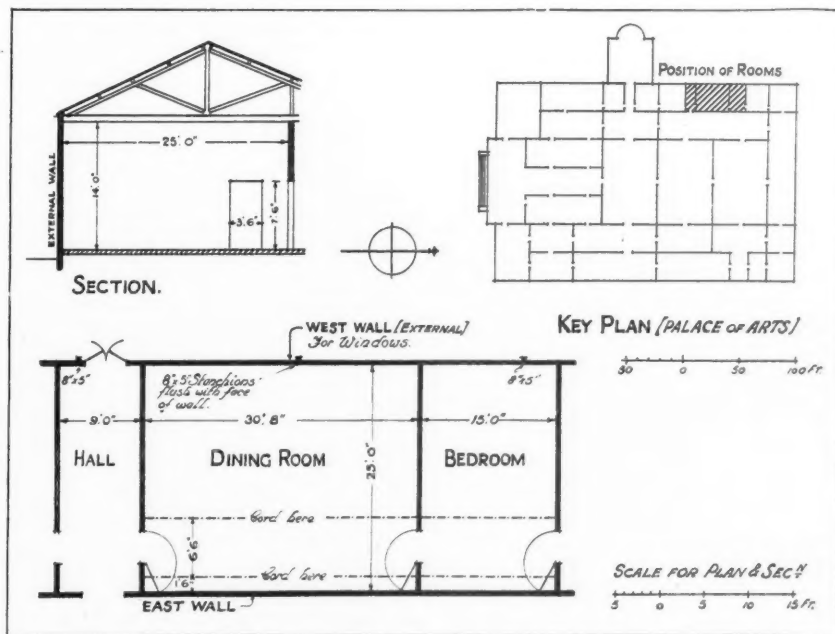
The eastern ends of the rooms must be left free of fittings and furniture, other than pictures and pieces projecting not more than 1ft. 6ins., so as to provide a gangway not less than 6ft. 6ins. wide along which visitors will pass through the rooms. Cords will be provided to mark out this gangway, and the doors (to be designed as part of the schemes) will stand open as shown on the plan. The east walls should be dealt with as part of the decorative schemes of the rooms.

A fireplace is to be provided in both the dining-room and the bedroom, and may also be provided in the hall. The west wall of the hall is to be fitted with a pair of external doors 4ft. 6ins. wide, treated decoratively as entrance doors from a street.

V.—GENERAL CONDITIONS.

The general conditions governing the competition are as follow:

- Competitors must be of British birth or British parentage.
- All manufactured goods provided in the scheme must have been manufactured mainly within the British Empire.
- Competitors are required to show in the drawings submitted a general scheme for the decoration, furnishing and equipment (with floor coverings and hangings) of the rooms complete as they would be lived in. The furniture, etc., shown in the drawings may be either of special design or of patterns obtainable from craftsmen or manufacturers. The Exhibition Management will arrange for the carrying out of the work in accordance with the first prize designs, and the successful



PLANS AND SECTION SHOWING SIZE AND POSITION OF ROOMS.

competitors will be required to supervise the execution. When the first prize designs come to be carried out the details of all furniture and equipment will need to be finally approved by a committee of the Arts Council of the British Empire Exhibition before the rooms are opened for exhibition.

- (d) The designs submitted may be in pencil or ink and with such colour as is necessary to elucidate the scheme, all lettering to be in plain block characters (for clear reproduction). They must be arranged as compactly as possible on sheets of drawing paper (not tracings) 40ins. by 26ins. (double elephant size), and must include plan and elevations of all internal walls to a scale of half an inch to a foot, with such details or perspective sketches as competitors may wish to add. Drawings may be mounted on stretchers or not, as preferred.

Accompanying the drawings should be a memorandum descriptive of the decorative scheme, furnishing, etc., not exceeding one foolscap page, typewritten.

Models of designs in either or both sections of the competition will be welcomed and need not be elaborately or solidly constructed. They are to be to a scale of half an inch to a foot.

Important.—Wholly separate sets of drawings, with or without a model, must be sent in—

- (1) for the Dining-room and Hall,
- (2) for the Bedroom.

- (e) Drawings and models are not to be distinguished by any motto or device or to bear competitor's name and address, but are to have securely attached to them a sealed envelope containing these, which will not be opened until the awards have been made. All drawings, etc., will be numbered in order of their receipt.

- (f) All drawings and models, marked "Palace of Arts" (top left hand corner of package) are to be addressed to

COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, and must be received not later than Monday, December 17th, 1923, at 12 noon.

- (g) The Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE reserve the right to publish any of the designs sent in and photographs or drawings of any of the models. They will exercise great care of all drawings and models submitted, but neither they nor the authorities of the British Empire Exhibition can accept any responsibility for the loss of or damage to any drawing or model from whatsoever cause arising.
- (h) The decisions of the Jury of Award and the Committee will be final and binding and without appeal. The right is reserved to withhold all or any of the prizes offered should the designs submitted be deemed of insufficient merit.

- (i) Competitors desiring to inspect the shell of the rooms in the Palace of Arts now in course of building may obtain tickets of admission to the Exhibition Grounds at Wembley (available any day between nine and five) upon sending a request with a stamped and addressed envelope to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE. A representative of the Director of United Kingdom Exhibits will be in attendance at the Palace of Arts to answer questions between 11 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. on Saturday, October 27th.

VI.—EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS.

The Exhibition management proposes to exhibit for a short period during the currency of the Exhibition, the prize designs and models and such others as may be selected for that purpose by the Jury of Award.

VII.—PUBLICATION OF AWARDS.

It is hoped that the awards of the jury, with a selection of the winning designs, will be ready for publication in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated January 11th, 1924.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

English Church Fittings, Furniture and Accessories, by J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. (Batsford, 21s.)

WE owe much to the late Dr. Charles Cox, who gave us such excellent books as "The English Parish Church," and so concise, yet sufficient, short county guides as his "Lincolnshire." He was still at work when he died a couple of years ago. Most of the materials for this volume on church fittings were gathered together and the text was reaching its final form. Further illustrations were collected and an introduction was supplied by Mr. Aymer Vallance before publication, and, in moderate compass, it covers a wide field with great efficiency and enough well worded description and well chosen illustrations to supply that amount of correct knowledge which the ordinary reader or casual visitor to our country churches wishes to obtain in order that he may take an intelligent interest in what he sees. In these motoring days this is really a very large class. We have whole volumes, such as the series compiled by Mr. Francis Bond, each dealing with much fullness, with one section of church fittings. A single volume dealing with all of them and also with various forms of church furniture and accessories was very desirable. Here it is, and very well done. Thus a very big subject—such that any one county can supply ample material for a folio—sepulchral monuments in churches, is so dealt with in seventeen pages and twenty-five figures as to enable the elementary student to realise differences of style and aim, of material and method, from the Saxon Coped Tomb at Wirksworth, Derbyshire, through the great fifteenth century period of alabaster recumbent effigies, to the huge and ostentatious marble monuments whereby the great men of the early eighteenth century commemorated themselves, such as that of Sir Robert Clayton, which, as Dr. Cox puts it, "dominates" the church of Bletchingley, Surrey. Fonts, pulpits, screens, receive the same concise, but intelligent treatment, and accessories of less importance receive due notice. The evolution of the church clock, from that at Wells Cathedral (for winding which the clock-keeper was paid 10 shillings in 1394-95) to the beautiful example in the Grinling Gibbons' manner at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, is briefly stated; while of the sand-glasses which became usual in the seventeenth century, Dr. Cox illustrates, among others, the delightful example enclosed in a wrought iron stand at St. John's, Bristol. As to altars, Dr. Cox tells us that there is a sprinkling of survivals of those of stone, the material ordained at the 1076 A.D. Council of Winchester by Archbishop Lanfranc and the papal legate, but adds that there were many of wood in mediaeval times. Then, coming to the post-Reformation table, he illustrates the fine bulbous leg, oaken example of Elizabethan age at Blyford, Suffolk, and the carved mahogany table in Adam manner at St. Catherine Cree. Coffers, bread cupboards and alms boxes are mentioned and illustrated, and the chapter on musical instruments not only tells us of organs and shows us charming examples of them, but has paragraphs and a page of illustrations on such obsolete yet interesting adjuncts of village choirs as the vamping horn and bassoon, the haut-boy and bass fiddle. We learn that "The best and largest example of a vamping horn—spoken of in the parish to me by more than one old inhabitant, who had heard it used in church, as a 'shawm'—is one at East Leake. It hangs in the vestry, and is a large tin trumpet, measuring 7 feet 9 inches long when extended, and 4 feet 1 inch when closed; the mouth is 21 inches in diameter. It was in use as part of the gallery orchestra up to 1855 and was vamped through by one of the bass singers." Alas, that these gallery orchestras, with all their local colouring and

personal characteristics, should be no more! But it is interesting to seek out and examine all such vestiges of old religious customs, and Dr. Cox's last work is an immense help in the search.

The House You Want, by R. Randal Phillips, Hon. A.R.I.B.A. (COUNTRY LIFE Library, 2s. 6d.)

THIS valuable little book should be in the hands of all who contemplate building a house. In a series of recorded (and possibly imaginary) interviews with all manner of experts—from the architect to the landscape gardener—the author, Mr. Randal Phillips, discusses all the difficulties and pitfalls that the would-be builder of a house is likely to encounter. How much architects would be spared if all their clients had read such a book as this! Take the delicate subject of fees. All architects know the embarrassment that they and their would-be clients suffer at that trying preliminary interview, in which each is waiting for the other to speak. Mr. Phillips sets out in clear language what the architect's fee is, what are his duties, and what he does, and does not, do. The builder tells us what we should select in the way of materials; and in the hot-water and sanitary engineering section we are told in simple language what are the advantages and the disadvantages of the various hot-water systems, and the reader is gently but surely initiated into the mystery of "drains." The painter gives us sound advice as to the qualities of paint, and lets himself go, for our edification and instruction, on the subject of colour schemes. In the chapter on "Furnishing" the author has much to say which should be helpful to architects and laymen alike. Personally, if I may be allowed to express a preference, the chapter that interested me the most—though, for that matter, the whole book is extremely interesting—was the one dealing with the Housewife's Specification. After a few sensible words on the fallacy of so much that is called "Labour-saving" and which is in reality "labour-creating," Mr. Phillips sets out the essential points of a properly designed and equipped labour-saving house. Mr. Phillips starts his book with the architect and ends it with the lawyer—whether with malice aforethought I do not know—but *facilis est descensus Avernii*. STANLEY C. RAMSEY.

Wheeltracks, by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans, Green, 12s. 6d.)

IN spite of the rapidity with which books may come from the publishers and may go into oblivion, there must be many still for whom "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." and some of its successors have a charm of their own which nothing that has appeared since can equal. The light-hearted laughter, the faithful pictures of the hunt, horses, hounds and followers, the humours of Irish country life as we lived it in those days, have made the "R.M." and his kin a joy for ever. It cannot be asserted that *Wheeltracks* is quite a similar volume, but at least it may be acknowledged as "R.M." and water, and very refreshing water at that. Miss Somerville has been inspired by the wish to record as much as possible of the life of the "old times and people" before Ireland, from the cross roads of the Treaty, stepped out into strange and new ways on which they may soon be forgotten. She begins with her grandparents as they appeared to her in childhood, and though she attempts no formal biography or autobiography, she ends with



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recollections nearly of the present day. The book bristles with good stories, some a matter of pages, some of a line or two, as that of the woman who, asked whether she cared most for her son or her husband, replied: "Me son, of course. Why wouldn't I think more of me own son than a strange man?" The name of Martin Ross in the title page is justified, in a material sense, by the inclusion of several of her letters, in a spiritual, by the rare strength of the link between her mind and heart and that of the friend and kinswoman who thus continually commemorates her.

Advisory Ben, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

MR. E. V. LUCAS continues to create charm as a bee creates honey, because it is his nature to. And in *Advisory Ben* he has found a plot exactly to suit him, a slender thread of narrative on which to hang a number of his amusing character sketches and astute observations of daily life. *Advisory Ben* is Benita, daughter of Colonel Staveley, a selfish elderly widower who, by marrying again, gives Ben the opportunity, which she firmly seizes, of freedom and a career. She sets up in London a bureau for general advice, christens it "The Beck and Call," composedly runs the gauntlet of family criticism and condemnation, and makes a success of it. Naturally, her landlords, instead of being a soulless syndicate owning an immense block of offices, are two charming young ex-officers who run a second-hand bookshop, "The Booklovers' Rest," on the floor below her, and the only doubt as to the issue is whether she will marry the one with one leg or the one with two. Meanwhile, she deftly settles the varied problems of all manner of people—the American who has bought a house in an English village and wants it furnished in three weeks to the minute, the girl at her wits' end to pay a betting debt, the woman who wants suggestions for a suitable memorial to her son killed in the war, the two children who have five shillings to spend on their parents' birthday presents, the New Zealanders who long for genuine, English, home-cooked food, the Canadian who wants to hear a nightingale before he goes home to die. And each of these matters is presented to us, as ever, with that literary skill which makes it, for the moment, the one matter of which we positively must know the solution. In other words, Mr. E. V. Lucas is still Mr. E. V. Lucas. V. H. F.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received, and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

BIOGRAPHY has again come to the fore with the long-expected *Life of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman* (Hodder and Stoughton, two vols., 42s.), by Mr. J. A. Spender; and *The Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling and Robert Browning* (T. Fisher Unwin, 25s.), edited by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, with which one inevitably brackets the recent *Carlyle Till Marriage* (Kegan Paul, 15s.), by Mr. D. A. Wilson. Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., is the author of *Bernard Vaughan, S.J.* (7s. 6d.), which is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green. *The Life of Sir William White* (21s.), by Mr. Frederic Manning, with an introduction by Lord George Hamilton, comes from Mr. John Murray; and *Stray Recollections* (two vols., 32s.), by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, a book which is certain of a wide circulation among Army men, from Messrs. Edward Arnold. *Ionius* (Murray, 15s.) is by Viscount Esher; it contains a selection of the letters of William Johnson (afterwards Cory) and will be treasure trove to many besides Etonians. Mr. Ralph Nevill's *The World of Fashion 1837-1922* (Methuen, 16s.) comes under the same heading.

An important and most beautifully produced book, remarkable—as are so many of the volumes that come from Mr. Thorburn's hand—for its lovely coloured illustrations, is his *Game Birds and Wildfowl of Great Britain and Ireland* (Longmans, £5 5s.); it shall certainly be dealt with at some length in a later issue. Beautiful production is also a distinguishing feature of the exquisite Manaton Edition of *The Works of John Galsworthy* (Heinemann), of which

Vols. I and II contain the beginning of "The Forsyte Saga," "The Man of Property," "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," "In Chancery"; the edition will be completed in twenty-one volumes and is priced at 25 guineas. A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Charles M. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta* comes from Mr. Jonathan Cape, priced at 3 guineas. A charming little volume of country life, *In Bucks* (Simpkin, Marshall, 5s.), by J. Eland, is among the week's reprints, as too is Mr. J. T. Hackett's *My commonplace Book* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.); Sir Napier Shaw's *Forecasting Weather* (Constable, 36s.); and *All Fellows and the Cloak of Friendship* (Cape, 6s.), fifteen exquisite little stories by Mr. Laurence Housman first bound together here and illustrated by himself. *The Ambassadors* (Vols. I and II, 7s. 6d. each) are the latest volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Henry James' novels. Mr. John Oxenham's popular novel, *Mr. Cherry*, reappears in Mr. Fisher Unwin's half-crown edition. Mr. R. Randal Phillips' useful little volume, *The Servantless House* (COUNTRY LIFE, 6s.), passes into a second and revised edition.

Mr. Warwick Draper's *Chiswick* (Philip Allan, 25s.) is an exhaustive and finely illustrated treatise on its subject and from the same publishers comes *The Edge of the Desert* (12s. 6d.), in which Miss Ianthe Dunbar takes us through Tunis. It is illustrated from the author's sketches. Mr. Blamire Young's book, *The Proverbs of Goya* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) reproduces the pictures under discussion and is a book of remarkable interest, not to the artist or connoisseur alone, but to every student of life. Two valuable new publications are Professor J. Arthur Thomson's *What is Man?* (Methuen, 6s. 6d.), and *The Psychology of Education*, from the same publisher and at the same price, by D. Kennedy-Fraser. We have also received *Music, Health and Character* (Lane, 7s. 6d.), by Dr. Agnes Savill, and *Landscape Painting* (Chapman and Hall, 25s.), by Mr. C. Lewis Hind.

A group of books of a natural history interest next call for attention, taking them in order of arrival—*Birds and Their Young* (Gay and Hancock, 10s. 6d.), by T. A. Coward, illustrated by Roland Green; *Wild Animals in Central India* (Arnold, 18s.), by A. A. Dunbar Brander; *Social Life Among the Insects* (Constable, 16s.), by William Morton Wheeler; and *British Hymenoptera* (Arnold, 9s.), by A. S. Buckhurst, L. N. Staniland and E. B. Watson, with an introduction by no less an authority than Professor Lefroy.

Quite a group of books on indoor games have selected this week for their appearance, a new volume on *Royal Auction Bridge* (De La Rue, 5s.), by William Clark; *Solo Whist and Auction Solo* (Routledge, 2s. 6d.), by A. S. Wilks; and by "East Wind" a manual of that game which seems to be sweeping the country like a pleasant epidemic, *Mah Jongg* (Routledge, 2s.).

Mr. H. A. Gwynne makes his debut as a novelist with *The Will and the Bill* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.); *Epithalamium* (7s. 6d.), by Jacques Chardonne, the novel which won the Northcliffe Prize this year, comes from Messrs. Heinemann; *Sea Coast of Bohemia* (7s. 6d.), by Louis Golding, from Messrs. Christophers; and *Other People's Secrets*, by Miss Sophie Cole (7s. 6d.), from Messrs. Mills and Boon. From Messrs. Hutchinson comes an octave of 7s. 6d. novels, including *Reputation*, by Miss Elinor Mordaunt, whose work is always welcome; *Jewelled Nights*, by Miss Marie Bjelke Petersen; *Old Roses*, by Oliver Sandys; *Visible and Invisible*, by E. F. Benson; *Viola Hudson*, by Miss Isabel C. Clarke; *Woven in a Prayer Rug*, by Neville Langton; *Every Night About Half Past Eight*, a collection of short stories, by L. J. Beeston; and *Battling Barker*, by Andrew Soutar. *Celia-Bound* (Cranton, 7s. 6d.) is by Miss Winifred Carter; and *Two Women* (Clare: Margaret) (7s. 6d.), by two anonymous writers, is the result of Messrs. A. M. Philpot's competition between writers of real life stories. A series of "Books of Self Revelation" is to follow.

We have also to acknowledge another book of "Evoc's" delightful parodies, *Fiction As She Is Wrote* (Methuen, 6s.); *So This is Golf* (Lane, 2s. 6d.), by Harry Leon Wilson, illustrated by Fougasse; *The Dark Station* (Stockwell, 3s.), poems, by Cecil Barber; and among periodicals, *Poetry* (Merton Press, 1s.) for September-October; and the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society (R.H.S., 7s. 6d.) for September.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

WE have been feeling the repercussion of the shock caused by the defeat of Papyrus in his match against Zev throughout the week, and the whole thing has evidently left some rather sore feelings behind. It is apparent that the American promoters of the match want something on similar lines to be continued as an annual affair. That the presence of the English Derby winner in the United States has given an enormous impetus to racing in that country is undoubted, and, probably, Major August Belmont had something of the kind in mind when he first suggested the idea of taking Papyrus to America. It is curious that in spite of the ardent support of a number of wealthy enthusiasts, horse racing has never become really popular in America, that is in the same sense in which it is popular with the great majority of the English people. Probably, that is because it has no great tradition behind it as in England, for the majority of the old families in the Eastern States of America have never taken it up enthusiastically. There is no doubt, however, that the American public responded wholeheartedly to the idea of the match that took place last week, and that from the point of view of the promoters it was an enormous success. It will, probably, have a lasting effect on racing in America and will induce a great many people to take an interest in the sport who were none too enthusiastic about it before. This is all to the good of bloodstock breeding, and for having consented to allow Papyrus to cross the Atlantic everyone connected with the thoroughbred industry owes some debt of gratitude to Mr. Irish. But that it should become an annual

affair and that the Derby winner, or some other representative of the best English three year old form of the season should be sent to America every year to run against the best of that age the Continent can produce is quite another matter.

The complete failure of Papyrus seems to prove fairly conclusively that it is asking far too much of a horse to cross the Atlantic and run soon after under conditions to which he has never been accustomed. Papyrus was a little unlucky in meeting very bad weather in the Atlantic, and in going lame soon after he arrived, but, even granted the best of luck and everything turning in his favour, it does not seem that an English horse can at once reproduce his English form after his arrival in the United States. We may admit that Zev is a really good colt, but we do not for a moment believe that the disparity between him and Papyrus, which the Belmont Park race showed, is the true measure of their relative merit. Papyrus must have run something like twenty-one pounds below the form that he showed when he won the Derby so gallantly. As the race was run it was not only a defeat but a rout; but, were Zev to come to England to run against Papyrus next season, most people would ignore the result of the Belmont Park race and cheerfully lay good odds on the English colt. More than one distinguished American colt, a champion in his own country, has failed completely to reproduce his native form on being sent to England. A very notable case was that of the late Mr. James R. Keene's brilliant colt Colin. These international matches between English and American horses are very pretty and very useful

things—but only in theory. The dice is always too heavily loaded against the invader.

As between French and English horses it is an entirely different matter. The French have gained many conspicuous successes with horses they have sent to England, and we have gained many equally conspicuous successes with horses we have sent to France. The short journeys and the similar conditions make matters even as between the contending parties. We were delighted to see the Irish bred colt Parth go to Longchamps and win the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe the other day, and we were equally delighted—unless, perhaps, we had a financial interest in the success of Teresina—to see the French bred colt Rose Prince come over here and capture the Cesarewitch, the most famous of our long distance races except the Ascot Gold Cup, by a short head. It was their first success in the great Newmarket event since Tenebreuse followed the example of Plaisanterie by winning, and that is a good many years ago. I am sure it was very gratifying to all France to be able to prove conclusively that she can breed horses good enough to come to the home of the thoroughbred and win great prizes from a good representative of the English classic form such as Teresina. The French now hope to go one better by capturing the Cambridgeshire also. This event is due to be run next Wednesday, so that it demands our serious consideration.

France will not only be represented by the remarkable three year old Epinard, but by the four year old filly Zariba as well, and the Belgians are not without hopes of winning with Lifeboat II, which may run better than most people imagine. I venture to suggest that those connected with Epinard are, perhaps, not quite so confident of winning as they were a month ago, for in Dumas, recent running has produced a colt about which there are great possibilities. Dumas, an Irish bred son of Marten and Judea, has won his last four races in exemplary fashion, and it does not seem possible that Epinard can successfully give him the 3 st. which he is set to do by the handicapper. The handicap was made a long time ago, before Dumas had shown any form of note. But if it could be reconstructed in the light of recent events, Dumas would be set at least another stone to carry. It stands, therefore, that on the handicap Dumas has a stone in hand, and a stone in hand is the sort of thing that the lordly gamblers of a generation that has passed used to dream about. There is a deep-rooted prejudice nowadays, and it is probably a well founded one, against lightweights in the Cambridgeshire. The records show that some of the greatest coups ever landed in this race were achieved with horses which had only a few pounds either way of 6 st. to carry. Races, however, are run differently nowadays, and to win a race like the Cambridgeshire in this century a horse must jump off quickly and be racing all the time. In the old days they only really raced in the last quarter of a mile, a circumstance that was all to the advantage of the light weights. In the case of Dumas, the worst fear about him is that he may not strike off quite so sharply as, say, Epinard, a wonderfully quick horse at the gate, and that he may be already beaten before he gets into his stride. He lost a race at Doncaster through a slow beginning, and in the four races he has won since he has always been putting in his best work in the last quarter of a mile. In spite of his transparent advantages, I prefer to look for one likely to beat Epinard among the three year old representatives of the classic form.

It was suggested here last week that it was a little disturbing to find all the three year olds going down before the older horses in the Duke of York handicap, and that it seemed to upset our preconceived notion that the Cambridgeshire would be won by a three year old. The failure of Poisoned Arrow and Roman Bachelor, respectively first and second at Kempton, in their races at Newmarket subsequently, rather pointed to the fact that the Kempton Park form was wrong, and that we shall be right if we go back among the three year olds to find the most likely horse to win next week. Handicapped with practically the same weight are three of the most brilliant two year olds of last season, Drake, Town Guard and Pharos. We saw Drake run for the Challenge Stakes and be very decisively beaten by Black Gown. It was his first appearance on a racecourse this season, and he was so backward in condition that he will have to come on a good deal to win on Wednesday. Town Guard has not run since the Derby, but he has been doing a good deal of work in recent weeks, and there may be possibilities about him. He was a colt of quite exceptional merit last year, but it is almost too much to hope for, that he will have "come back" sufficiently to win this race. Pharos comes in another category.

Although beaten by Stratford in the Select Stakes he ran extremely well, and it may be remembered that last year's Cambridgeshire winner, Re-echo, was also beaten by Stratford in the Select Stakes before going on to win the great event of the Houghton week. Stratford at his best is a brilliant horse, and his victories in his last two races seem to show that he is once more disposed to give of his best on racecourses. As, however, there will be a large field in the Cambridgeshire and, probably, a considerable delay at the post, he is just as likely as not to revert to type and become so upset that he will sulk during the race.

A little lower in the handicap we have Mr. R. C. Dawson's pair, Cos and Legality, and they read very attractively. Legality has been a most disappointing colt so far this year, and has run so badly in many of his races as to lead to the belief that he was not too generous. However, no horse could have run his race out with a greater display of courage than did Legality at Newmarket, when he failed by a neck to beat Ellangowan in that glorious race between this pair, Twelve Pointer and Poisoned Arrow. The three year olds here beat the Duke of York Handicap winner very conclusively. Cos always showed quite exceptional speed last season, but she failed to beat Tranquil in the One Thousand Guineas last spring. It is assumed that this delightful filly is a little deficient in stamina, but I am inclined to doubt this and believe that she will stay the nine furlongs next week and go very close to winning. It has transpired since that Lord Coventry's filly Verdict was even more unlucky than I thought in the Duke of York Handicap, and that she was nearly brought on her knees as the horses came round the bend into the straight.



W. A. Rouch.

ROSE PRINCE.

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She is expected to do a great deal better next week, and there surely would be no more popular victory than one in the colours of the great old sportsman who owns her. While we must respect the great confidence of the connections of Epinard, and the obvious chance possessed by Dumas on his public form, I suggest that the Cambridgeshire will be won by Pharos, the best representative of our class form in the race, and to be regarded as a little unlucky in having lost the Derby. Next to him one might turn to one of Mr. Dawson's pair, either Cos or Legality.

It is always a little melancholy to note the approach of the Houghton meeting and to think that we cannot reassemble at Newmarket until the spring of another year. It is to be hoped that a little more light will be shed on the complicated state of the two year old form by the racing there next week. At the last meeting the failure of Woodend rather shook the convictions of those who had formed a very high opinion of the colt, and correspondingly it established the belief that the Aga Khan's Diophon may be, after all, the best two year old colt that has run so far this season. I am afraid, however, that in discussing throughout the winter the classic possibilities for next season, we shall be wondering whether there is not among the backward youngsters which have run, and others which have not seen a racecourse at all, something that will beat all those which have been returned the winners of the chief two year old events of the season. The result of the Dewhurst plate, which should be won by Lord Derby's Sansovino, should project a few illuminating beams into our present state of darkness.



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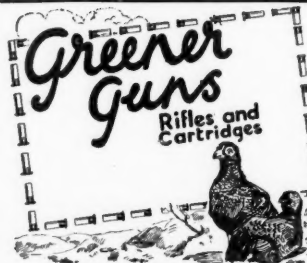
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OPDENHEDER'S

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

SOME WILDFOWL SHOOTING DATA.

A FRIEND who pursues wildfowling as a medium for bird study writes to ask me what is the greatest number of species of edible classification which I have known to be taken in a day. Once I had a shoot where the total sorts per day ran into five or six, the most varied occasion having been November 18th, 1905, when the bag included duck, partridge, hare, rabbit, plover, full snipe, jack snipe and teal, making seven in all. My friend's bag was purely wildfowl and included the following nine species (one inedible) out of a total bag of twenty-six shot to his own gun in the day: Curlew, whimbrel, bar-tailed godwit, ringed plover, golden plover, turnstone, redshank, dunlin and one sundry, viz., Richardson's or Arctic skua. According to his added notes he used during the day a total of sixty-three cartridges, abstaining throughout from firing into flocks and parties, of which there would seem to have been many passing within easy gun range. That he obtained so great a variety is explained by the fact that he, for the most part, confined his attention to the noticeably larger birds, whether flying singly or in company with others. Failures to gather specimens seen to go down are estimated at five, and as anyone knows who has done this class of shooting from a boat, the task of retrieving is far from easy. However, taking the result as it stands, the average works out at rather less than two and a half cartridges per head bagged, against the usually accepted three for the work of competent shooters when dealing with driven game. What may be a fair proportion of second barrels is difficult to say, though in the case of a careful shot the reserve cartridge is probably fired on the average once for two discharges of the first. Thus, a straight run of kills would work out at three cartridges for every brace of birds. But it is the double misses which play havoc with the average.

WANTED: A CARTRIDGE WITH 1,200 f.s. VELOCITY.

I have been making some more tests in the hope of producing a practical game cartridge giving the 1,200 feet-per-second velocity which I accidentally encountered in some trade-loaded cartridges casually bought a few weeks ago. At first I used some Schultze of 1911 date, which, with the full 1½ oz. load, has periodically given the very full pressure of 3½ tons in combination with 1,078 f.s. velocity, the trouble being to make the same powder impart the same energy to a smaller quantity of shot, that is, to yield in extra velocity what is saved in the weight to be propelled. Ordinary loading with 42 grains of powder and 1 oz. of shot gave for the average of three rounds:

Pressure, 1.97 tons. Recoil, 9.58 inches.
Velocity, 1,058 f.s.

The loss of shot sitting on top of the powder has resulted in a big fall of pressure, and, as a consequence, a reduction rather than a gain of velocity. In other words, the efficiency of the powder has deteriorated. The obvious need is to add fresh resistance in the hope that the extra bottling up of the powder will hold back motion of the wads till more gas has been developed. I accordingly rammed the powder an extra amount and used, instead of ordinary felt wads, some of the rather soft kind which were extensively used a matter of twenty years ago to stimulate into higher activity some of the more sluggish powders of that day. Result:

Pressure, 2.79 tons. Recoil, 10.02 inches. Velocity, 1,138 f.s.

Here, then, is a pressure fully as high as any cartridge should produce, the recoil has gone up to quite a solid push, and the velocity to the level which denotes a full energy output by the propellant. Clearly this particular sample of powder does not yield sufficient gas at normal pressure to impart the 1,200 f.s. velocity aimed at. A bigger charge would no doubt accomplish the purpose, but at the moment that corrective will not be introduced. Meanwhile, I decided to test the effect of ordinary wadding extra tightly rammed, its deeper seating being taken up by a very full turning over of the mouth of the case. Result:

Pressure, 2.61 tons. Recoil, 9.94 inches. Velocity, 1,118 f.s.

Here we have lost a fifth of a ton pressure and 20ft. of velocity; moreover, the results which contribute to the average were less regular. Hence the use of the soft felt wad is for the time being the best way of producing from an ordinary propellant the high velocity which sporting opinion consistently demands but seldom or never can obtain duly labelled. To secure the effect by tinkering with the charge, wads or turnover is not the right way to go to work, for the powder itself should, without extraneous

assistance, be capable of doing all that is wanted when loaded with the one-ounce charge. A powder so acting could not be used with heavier shot charges than the exact ounce, and that would mean it could only be sold as part of the entire cartridge. If ever we can get manufacturers to recognise exceptions to the rule of standardisation, improvements of one sort and another will soon come along, for when all is said there is one thing which can never be standardised—that is, the taste of sportsmen.

AMATEUR SHOOTING CONTRIBUTIONS.

A colleague writes: "Has it occurred to you that if only sportsmen would discuss more readily than at present the experiences which they have accumulated in the course of years, articles of great interest would result? Explorers have told me of the awful responsibility they feel in an unknown country, for they are expected to bring back information on all the many and diverse points which should have come to their notice but are so easily overlooked. The explorer who is expected to answer a hundred questions feels rather foolish if he has to reply, 'I didn't look,' or 'I can't remember.' The sportsman has in his own sphere accumulated experiences and considered opinions which would interest not only his friends but many others who would eagerly share his wisdom at second hand. In old times the traveller's tale and the hunter's lore were delivered by word of mouth, but now that each of us is submerged in a social system far wider than can be welded by conversation, the printed page alone offers a means of communication. The proportion among us who have had strange sporting adventures or have reduced diverse experience to a logical system are under a kind of obligation to tell our fellows about them as we tell our friends



LEFT BEHIND.

at the club or round the dinner-table. COUNTRY LIFE specialises in the communication to thousands the lore which is too often told to one in the smoking-room or largely forgotten. In the winter evenings it is no bad pastime to put into writing the fruits of a lifetime's experiences in so many-sided a sport as shooting. The professional writer is hardly likely to possess that knowledge which has taken the sportsman years to acquire. Although the cheque which has been earned may be of modest dimensions, it possesses the special charm that it can be dedicated to one of those minor extravagances which are necessarily few and far between in these hard times."

AFTER-TEA ARTICLES.

Let me instance on my own account some of the problems which would well repay such discussion. Duck shooting: having regard to the restrictions imposed by the Captive Birds Act, what methods have been observed and what results obtained? Pheasants: in the many coverts which are at their best with a good stock of birds, how has sport been conducted in presence of smaller numbers? Broken-up estates: has the effect of selling estates in lots been to make numerous small shootings available, and how does the aggregate of sport they afford compare with the original area more or less wastefully used? Syndicates: is the old prejudice against syndicates dying out now that they in many cases offer the only means of participating in properly organised sport? Woodcock: with so many pheasant coverts withdrawn from their former use, has the shooting of woodcock, as for instance in Devon and Somerset, made important strides? Rabbits: now that rabbits have become so enormously plentiful, how is it that so little effort is made to provide shooting days therewith by suitably preparing the ground beforehand? Ferreting: this was always

considered a job for the keeper or farmer; has any private sportsman tasted the delights of rapidly passing from hole to hole with the aid of a line ferret? Spaniels: this class of shooting dog, whether it be springer or cocker or some intermediate type, has come enormously into vogue; what in practice is the quality of sport they provide and are private sportsmen learning to keep them under proper control? Hares: the decrease of this fine animal is nearly everywhere an undeniable fact; what is the cause and can a remedy be found? Agricultural depression: how is this affecting shooting in different districts and under the varied conditions in which the consequent changes are manifest? Single-handed keepers: has the perfect keeper for a small shoot yet been found; how does he distribute his time and what results does he produce?

THE FIELD TRIAL FRACAS.

The attack on the Kennel Club has been opened by a circular letter which invites opinions (1) on the control exercised by that body, (2) as to the need for home rule by societies, and (3) the setting up of an independent register for sporting dogs.

The main difficulty in taking sides on the issue presented is to find out exactly in what way the control exercised has been found objectionable. That there must be a code of rules to govern field trial meetings stands to reason; further, that the rules at present in use are the outcome of practical experience and reasonably meet the situation may be accepted as a fact in the absence of proposals for specific amendment. Behind the vigorous attack which has been delivered is, of course, the view that those at present exercising the right of control—for they can hardly be committing any very galling actions of control—are not acceptable to a certain proportion of owners and other people concerned. Nothing but good can come of ventilating the grievances which have been simmering for a very long time and more definitely specifying them than has yet been done. Having regard to the position held by the Kennel Club and the reasonable presumption of probity on the part of its governing body, a very good case must be made out before the tide of public opinion sweeps against them. What we want to know definitely is where they have done wrong and what grievances exist which cannot be righted by constitutional methods.

FINE GOBELIN TAPESTRIES

ANTIQUE PERSIAN CARPETS.

IN the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the decorative arts of Western Europe came under the influence of motives derived from distant lands. Those of China and India proper are most apparent; but there were also, though to a less extent, influences from what was then known as "The Indies" and visible in the strange beasts and birds of America. These excited great interest. In 1687 Prince Maurice of Nassau presented eight paintings to Louis XIV, showing the people, animals, plants, flowers and fruits of the Indies. Some years afterwards cartoons were made of these by Houasse, Bonnemer and Blain de Fontenay for execution in Gobelin tapestry. Of the sets woven one was bestowed on Peter the Great of Russia and used as a model in the tapestry works founded by him at St. Petersburg; another, probably sent to the Emperor of China, was found at Yuen-Ming-Yuen when the place was looted in 1861. One of this set, showing animals fighting, is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Later, a new set of cartoons was painted by Alexandre-François Desportes, who, while basing his designs upon the old series, introduced important modifications in the matter of European animals, fruits and flowers. This was known as "The New Indies" to distinguish it from the old. The more important sets of the New Indies were woven by James Neilson, the most famous contractor of the eighteenth century, a Scotsman who kept up the State workshop with his private means, introduced great improvements in his looms and reorganised the dye-works of the Gobelins. Sets of the New Indies were presented to the King of Denmark and the Emperor of Austria: the latter set is now in the Austrian State collection, Vienna. A third was sold to "Milord Towneley"; and a fourth, consisting of four pieces, was given to the Grand Duke of Russia in 1782.

Two tapestries of this series will appear in the auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on December 7th. The first is known by the title of "The Camel," which appears in a well composed group of animals. In the foreground is a stream in which are gorgeous fishes, and on the bank are a brilliant flamingo and another bird. Behind them is a graceful white llama (with paws in front and hoofs behind), while to the right is a spirited grey horse with white flowing mane, in gold harness and wearing a cloth of very rich patterned velvet in crimson and gold lined with blue. He is held by a negro garbed in canary yellow lined with green and blue girdle. On the left is the camel, on whose hump rides a monkey holding an apple. From the background rises a very beautiful tree bearing ripe fruit and covered with foliage of fine colour, among which are parrots and other birds. Its trunk is almost hidden by creeping plants; from the ground at its foot spring tall spikes of rose-tinted hollyhock and arum. Round about are

pineapples, blackberries and other plants; small birds sing on the sprays, while a gorgeous bird-of-paradise mounts in the air. The general tone of the tapestry is light, brilliant and decorative. Like its companion it is framed in a border, woven to simulate carved and gilt wood, consisting of an outer guilloche and other decorated mouldings, corner-pieces with shell and laurel branches, ornaments in middle of borders at sides and foot, and in the top the winged arms of France. It is signed "Neilson 1774," and is 14ft. 5ins. high by 12ft. 3ins. wide.

The second panel, "Le Combat d'Animaux," is, perhaps, the finest hanging of the Indian series. In the foreground is placed a *mêlée* of savage animals preying on the more defenceless. In the middle is a lion seizing a tapir, on the right a huge wild boar is withstanding the attack of a leopard, in front a lioness holds a prone stag by the throat, in the left corner a crocodile devours the body of a ram. Among these are a wounded and a snarling dog. Nor is the combat confined to earth; it extends to the fishes in the stream and the fowls of the air. Parakeets and other brilliant-hued birds are attacking an owl in the tree overhead, an eagle is hastening to battle, and two large birds on the ground are challenging each other. The scene is laid among lovely flowering plants, trees and palms, in an effect of sunlight. In the lower right-hand corner is woven "Neilson 1779." The border is similar to that in the first panel, but in the selvage appears the name "Neilson," the fleur-de-lis mark of the Gobelins and the date 1779. The tapestry measures 14ft. 5ins. by 14ft. 7ins. Both are in a very fine state of preservation.

The Grand Duke mentioned was probably Paul, son of Catherine II, whom he succeeded

in 1796. In 1780 he made a tour through Europe. As Czar, he openly supported the cause of Napoleon, and was planning the invasion of India in co-operation with the French when he was assassinated in March, 1801. From the Count Scherenietjev collection, the tapestries are now the property of Baron Etienne de Ropp.

There will also figure in the sale an oblong tapestry, showing, in an extensive landscape, Don Quixote being entertained by the dance of the ladies of the Court of the Duke and Duchess, in narrow frame pattern border; and another panel of the subject of Neptune and Amphitrite, with a settee and six fauteuils covered in fine tapestry, representing Æsop's Fables and mythological figures.

Of the first importance are two very remarkable Persian carpets, the property of Mr. Robert H. Benson of Buckhurst, Sussex. Both were exhibited in the Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles at the Victoria and Albert Museum, 1921. The larger is, perhaps, the more precious, and is probably unique. A most uncommon and charming tint of old rose runs through it and upon this ground is placed a series of thin stems with suggestions of lozenge pattern, from which grow palmettes of various types, jewel-like diamond ornaments, and peculiar narrow serrated leaves which are always shown across a palmette. A multitude of smaller floral and foliage forms are distributed over the ground, and a curious spiral or snail form is seen there. The colours are very soft and restrained except in the darkest shades. The field is framed in a border the ground of which is dark blue, with a pattern of trilobate quatrefoils in light blue, palmettes, leaves and stems in various colours. It is edged by an inner band of ornament and an outer plain band. Dr. Martin, in his "History of Oriental Carpets before 1800," devotes a plate to this carpet and allows considerable space to its description, giving its date between 1500 and 1550. He points out that the narrow curved leaves across the large flowers became later a characteristic of Shiraz carpets. Of the present carpet he writes: "It is the only one I have seen." It came from a mosque in Eastern Persia, and measures 12ft. 10ins. by 8ft. 9ins.

The second carpet is smaller, being 9ft. 5ins. by 8ft. 1½ins., and is of later date—the first half of the seventeenth century. Its rose ground is covered with a series of stems, the intersection of which gives diamond shapes, and we see here a suggestion of pattern of the Mina Khani type. Large palmettes of late type with strongly defined inside patterns, florets of various types and the Chinese cloud forms are rendered in most beautiful colours within a border, the main stripe of which shows on a yellow ground, a running stem giving off palmettes and leaves. It is edged inside and outside by bands of formal ornament.

D. VAN DE GOOTE.



"LE COMBAT D'ANIMAUX" FROM "THE NEW INDIES" TAPESTRIES.

1923

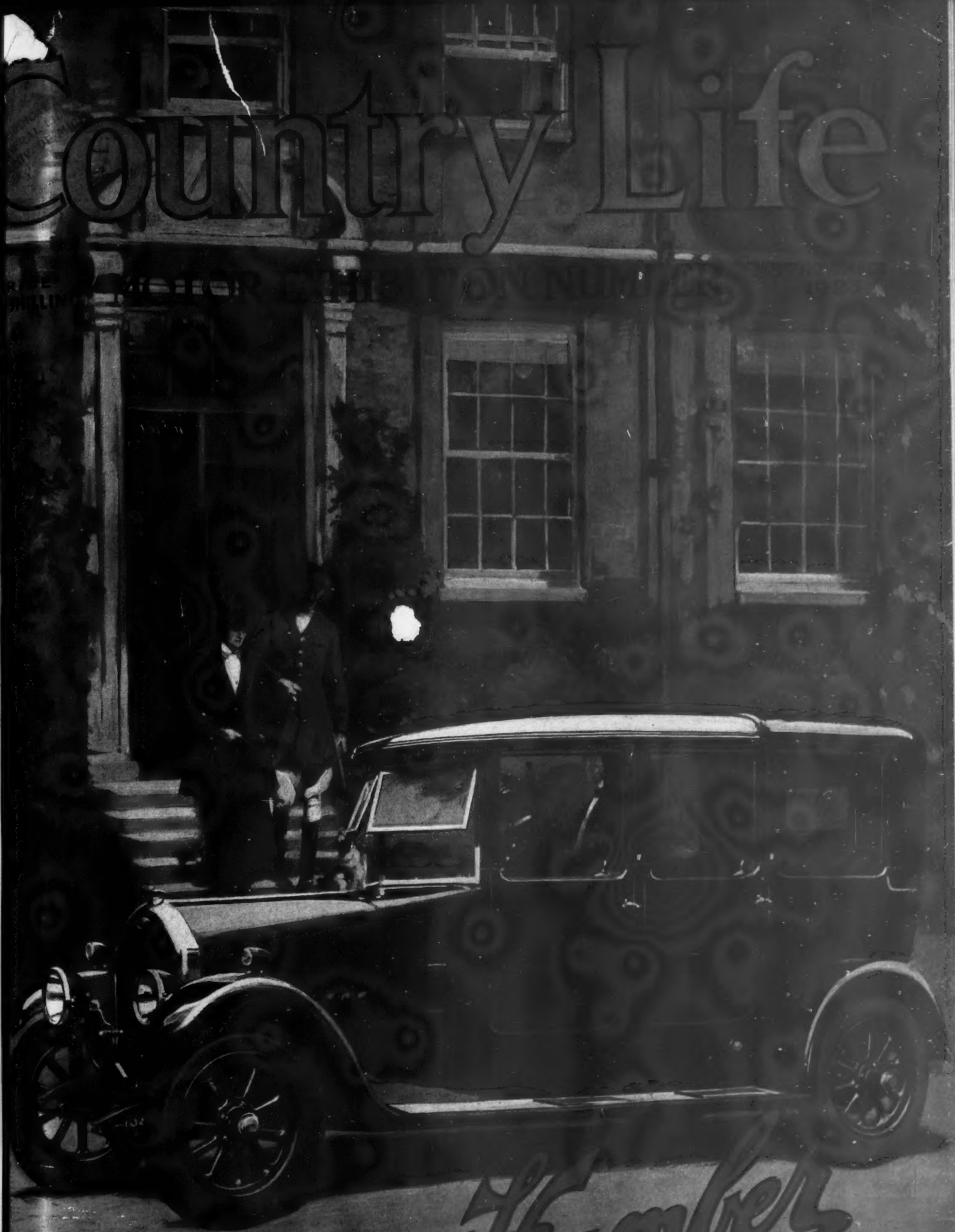
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